JOHN BULL, MAY 23, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1301.

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Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Who'esale firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

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CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (1773), George St., Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Catgs., now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All depts.: Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Best Discount Terms. Satis. gntd. Who'esale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Who'esale only). — Levy Bros., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFT every agent. Big Cash commission. Catalogue free.—P. J. Tate, 26, Neville Street, Leeds.

TEA AGENTS WANTED by old-established firm. Sound value. Liberal Profits.—Write, Manager, Agency Department (No. 52), 39, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.

100 MEN and WOMEN WANTED. Messrs. Carters, of Bristol, again announce vacancies. Prospective applicants should read details on page facing and write without delay.

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MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE.—Forces being increased. Over 500 men shortly needed. Splendid pay and prospects. If over 5 ft. 9 in. and under 27 apply for FREE details of Entrance Examination from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays in full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own Home. Qualify for the School Diploma and commence practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

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"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 123, High Ho born, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8112.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cretoway Press, 83, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills 2/9 per 1,000; Billheads 3/3 1,000. Samps. of printing for all businesses 3d. post.—Mead, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

SHOPKEEPERS!
USE THIS FREE SERVICE.
Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW." *John Bull* is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written. A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation, and the service is quite free! Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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FREE! A specimen copy of "THE EXCHANGE AND MART" (2d. every Thursday all newsagents). Send p.c. to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Rid.ng Wallpaper Co., 82, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/-, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/6. Colours 2/10 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Samps. Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

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Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle/Tyne.

PIXIE Razor Blades.—Sheffield Made. Warranted good shavers, 1/- dozen. Agents wanted. —Dronfield Tool Company, near Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOL Sale, 1d., 1½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug., 1/-. 1/6. Cable, 1/8 lb. 600 sp's. Illus. Guide. "Scotia" Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —B.akey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55 and 56, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

FOUR GUINEA SUITS for 42/- and a perfect fit. "Gilbert" Tailor-made Suits made from finest Indigo Botany Wool Serge. Send for patterns and Self-measurement form.—Gilbert Clothing Co., Myrtle Mills, Bingley, Yorks.

STYLISH GREY FLANNELS. A good bargain line is advertised in this week's "SHOP WINDOW" (page facing) by Messrs. Cranston & Co.

HIKERS! Here's your chance to secure a good rucsack or haversack at a bargain price. See illustrated advt. on page 3.

PORTABLE GRAMOPHONES. Pay cash and save 15/-. Extraordinary value is offered by the Crotona Supply Stores in "JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW."

The Biggest Battery Renewal Scheme ever offered to motorists

The following three Battery Service Schemes are planned to ensure that you always have A PERFECT BATTERY at minimum cost and without waste of time.

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Your Battery Exchanged for a New One.

We will exchange any Lucas, C.A.V. or Rotax Battery that has not been obviously maltreated and is under two years old for a new one. You pay one twenty-fourth of list price for each month that the old Battery has been in service.

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A quotation given for the necessary repairs to your Lucas, C.A.V. or Rotax Battery and a reconditioned Battery fitted in exchange at the repair price.

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Any make of Battery of standard modern design overhauled and if necessary, fitted with new plates in two hours, excepting in cases of exceptional rush periods.

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LUCAS
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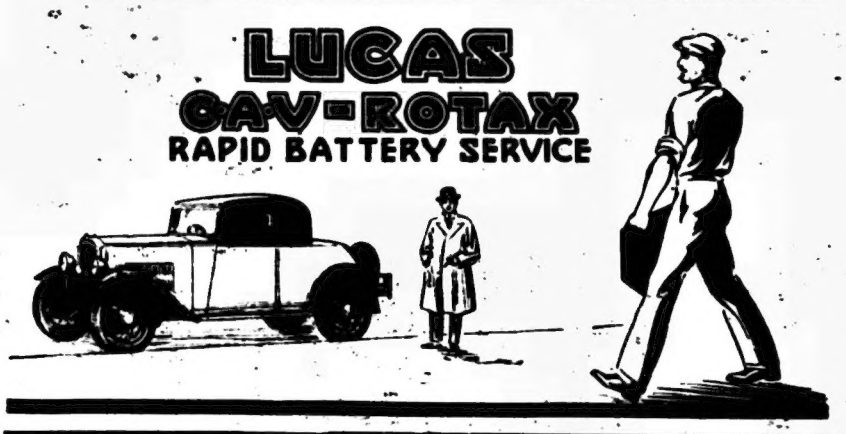
RAPID BATTERY SERVICE



14 SHAVES 1d. accomplished with W.W. Blades (Gillette pat.). Saves pounds. Send 1/- for doz.—Chadwick's, 68, Harwood Rd., Rishton, Lanch.

RIDING BREECHES. Bedford Cord, 8/6; Whipcord Trousers, 9/6. Send for Price List.—Melrose, 61, Ashton New Road, Manchester.

YOUR SUIT SHINES! The Lion Brilcque Removes Shine, re-naps clothes. 1/-, post free.—Sheldon, 39, Paul Street, E.C.2.

A NEW and ingeniously novel Razor is announced by the makers of MYATT "DAY-MARK" RAZOR BLADES on page 23.

WRITE for lists 269 and 270a, giving full particulars about FULLER SUPER BATTERIES for Wireless Sets. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The advt. appears on page 24.

WRITE for the illustrated CYCLE LIST offered in the SELFRIDGE advt. on page 30. Be sure to write to Dept. J.B.

FILL in the coupon in the RUDGE MOTOR-CYCLE advt. on page 33 for 1931 Art Catalogue and particulars of Hire-Purchase terms.

FILL in the coupon in the CATESBYS CORK LINO advt. on page 34 for free coloured book and sample pieces, designs and prices.

A 15/- Free Gift Coupon is offered in the ROBEY CYCLE advt. on page 28. Write for free Catalogue.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BLANFORD TAILORING advt. on page 33.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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Enquiries for Agency Invited.

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BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 20/-; 12 modern home-made garments, Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Expectant mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro., then judge yourself. Mother, 16 years' exp.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

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GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

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HOW TO SUCCEED at Canary Breeding. See CAGE BIRDS, now out, 2d. Free copy from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

A MONEY-MAKING HOBBY! Read "POULTRY WORLD" for detailed advice by world's greatest experts. On sale every Friday, 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J.B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

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TEA.—Delicious, Specially blended. Highly Recommended. 10 lb. 11/-, 4 lb. 5/8, 4 lb. 5/8, 4 lb. 5/8, 4 lb. 8/-. Carr. pd. Special Prices Large Quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful: no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd., 408T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boo.s, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 3d.

SUFFERERS FROM BOILS, CARBUNCLES and Abscesses. End your tortures with a trial tin of Clough's Marvellous healing BLACK SALVE. Century-old family recipe; given relief to thousands. Even obstinate, long-standing cases yield to its magic. Give Clough's Black Salve a trial. 1/6 per tin, post paid. Booklet of Homely Remedies for all Complaints free on request.—Sole makers, H. Clough, M.P.S., 102, Bakerhouse Road, Nelson, Lancs.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.80), 69, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A GENEROUS free sample of WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER, the safe family remedy, recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses, can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 21.

"NATURE'S Warnings" is a booklet every girl should read. Send p.c. to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy. See Dr. Williams' Pink Pill advt. on page 34.

A FREE sample of "ELASTO" and a special booklet are offered in the advt. on page 24.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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A WEEK'S free supply of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM is offered in the advt. on page 27.

WHAT will be your income when you retire? For a small yearly outlay you can get a guaranteed income of £50, £100, £200 or £300 a year. Fill in the coupon in the PRUDENTIAL advt. on page 25 for full particulars.

HANDSOME Dog Book Free. 100 pages profusely illustrated. Sound advice and helpful hints. Write to SPRATT'S, 25F, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, whose advt. appears on page 25.

A NEW Edition of the "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY, a marvellous book of reference, is offered on approval for five days' free examination. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 29.

FREE.—By arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of "VEET" absolutely free. Simply send 6d. to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., and address: Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., 3038, Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10. This offer appears in the advt. on page 31.

PARTICULARS of a unique Battery Service are announced in the large advt. on this page. For further information write to the address in the advt.

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IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES 90 SQ.FT. for 15/-

DAMP AND ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

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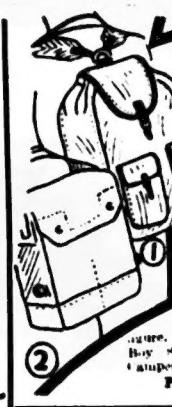

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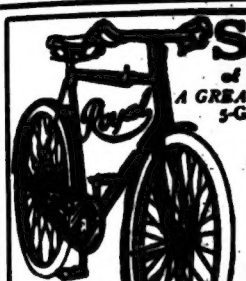

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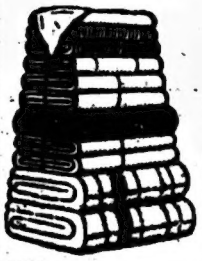

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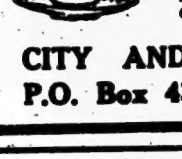

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ARMY HUTS
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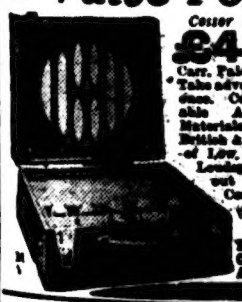

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2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, May 23, 1931. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Dynamite in the "Dole" Report

ONE of the first tasks of Parliament at the beginning of next month is to debate the interim report of the "Dole" Commission.

We understand the report will recommend immediate legislation to remove married women who continue to draw the "dole" although they have no intention of returning to their former employment.

* * *

We can foresee some readjustment of family budgets among many of the newly married in factory districts, where the "dole" has been long looked upon as a matrimonial subsidy.

To prove need

Another recommendation of the Commission's report is a "need" test, which is little different from the suggested means test which has already aroused so much ire from left-wing leaders.

Briefly, the suggestion is that applicants for transitional benefit will have to submit a kind of family balance-sheet to establish their right.

The report will claim that only about £5,000,000 will be saved if every abuse of the "dole" is removed.

We know quite a lot of Labour leaders who will exclaim, "I told you so."

Bank or ditch?

The brass bands have blared out the triumph of the reduced Bank-rate—2½ per cent., the lowest for twenty years!

Is there a catch in it? Are not the big banks killing the benefit of the reduction by refraining from lending money cheaply?

They don't like the present Government, and they are tied to the creed, "Low wages and tariffs."

Mr. Montagu Norman must resume control of the money market and enforce the true cheap-money policy of the Bank of England.

The State is the master. The big banks must learn this and play their proper part in bringing back prosperity.

Jack ashore

There is, apparently, a colour-bar in the British Merchant Service, but the colour barred is white.

More than a quarter of the men in the British Mercantile Marine are Asiatic seamen. Official figures show that of the total of 203,560 men employed, 53,574 are Lascars and 16,383 are foreign subjects.

Meanwhile, 27,000 British sailors tramp gloomily from dock to dock in the vain search for employment, competing against Indians who sail for less than £2 a month.

It is a crying scandal which should demand the first attention of the President of the Board of Trade.

Before the tax comes

For forty-six acres of land required for the proposed Bo'ness and South Queensferry road claims totalling £54,950 were received by the authorities.

Landowners in actual occupation wanted £9,597, and various others claimed £1,055 for timber, £1,550 for "damage to amenity," and £28,758 for hypothetical minerals.

Over £48,000 of this is in respect of land now returned at a gross annual value of £225, with rateable value of £28 5s.

That last piece of information should interest Mr. Snowden.

A Packet for Newly-Weds

The Hailsham Harriers!

As soon as they possibly can, the Conservative peers intend to depose Lord Hailsham (formerly Sir Douglas Hogg) from the acting leadership of the Party in the House of Lords.

Ferocious attacks

They have come to the conclusion that his ferocious attacks on the Government's Land Bill and other measures have done the Conservative Party a considerable amount of harm and have endangered the future of the House of Lords itself.

Lord Hailsham, they say, has given the Government the finest election cry it could wish for—Peers *versus* People.

Squeeze out the water

A big move by combined railway stockholders to bring about a drastic reorganisation of railway Boards may be expected before long.

Many of these stockholders have now lost more than three-quarters of their capital.

The railways are in a hopelessly over-capitalised position, and the present directors show no signs of tackling the situation in a way which would bring any permanent improvement.

Reorganisation would be better both for railway stockholders and for railway workers.

Gratitude!

At Wellingborough, a woman left her purse containing £350 on a seat in a local park.

An unemployed boy found it and took it to the local police, who sent him with it to the loser.

She gave him 1s. 6d.—no doubt to buy himself a memento of her benevolence.

Good in us

Our constant critics, the Continental Press, have at last found something to admire in Great Britain. They admire the courage of our youth.

Glen Kidston, Augustine Courtauld, Waghorn's gallant "after you" gesture to his passenger before he went to his death—all are receiving comment.

A Berlin newspaper has coined a new term for these "young Englanders." It is worth remembering. It calls them the "Prince of Wales Class."

Sailors Must Care

Sparks and steel

Negotiations for increased trade between Britain and Russia are proceeding merrily—despite the daily diehards.

Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Export Company, Ltd., has concluded an agreement for electrical plant in connection with the Five Years Plan.

Other agreements are on the eve of being signed with important British steel firms. The work is coming here instead of America because we give better value.

Schools held up

The progress of the Government's Bill to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen is now being obstructed by sectarian squabbles in the background.

In spite of its rejection by the House of Lords, the Government has decided to reintroduce this Bill and pass it into law under the Parliament Act.

* * *

But meanwhile valuable time is now being wasted, and local education authorities have been thrown into a state of confusion.

Mr. Lees-Smith, President of the Board of Education, is doing his best to conciliate the warring denominations. We hope he will soon succeed in arranging a compromise.

Up with the bonnets

Are we faced with another Sinn-Fein problem—this time in Scotland?

The Nationalist Party threatens to become troublesome a year hence if the State does not before then take a plebiscite of the Scottish people for and against self-government.

The men behind this rebel move are poets, novelists, lawyers and teachers and a few business men.

Their decision is likely to cause a split in the Home Rule ranks, and already the Constitutionalists, led by the Duke of Montrose, threaten to form a new party.

Sea guerilla

Armoured Cruiser *A*, as it is called, has just been launched, and it is laden with all Germany's hopes of revived sea-power.

Its chief feature is immense cruising-range—estimated to equal a return journey, Germany to Shanghai, at one fuelling.

With engines weighing only 450 tons compared with the usual 1,800 tons, it is claimed that 56,000 horse-power can be developed.

If this is true, naval disarmament will be hastened if only because a great part of most of the world's navies will be rendered obsolete.

Czarist debts

Much of the ill-feeling between Britain and Russia has been fostered by agitation raised by various organisations purporting to represent holders of repudiated Czarist debts.

A different complexion will be put on this matter when enquiries now being made are completed.

* * *

It will be revealed that more than two-thirds of these repudiated debts are in the hands of speculators who bought from the original holders, after repudiation, for merely nominal prices.

They make good, but—

An exhibition of reformatory schools' work now being held in the New Horticultural Hall, London, is evidence of one of the greatest social advances of this generation.

The excellence of the work exhibited and the variety of highly skilled trades represented explain why 90 per cent. of reformatory boys get well-paid jobs and keep them.

* * *

Some wardens are anxious to have the formality of conviction by a magistrate abolished so that their institutions could be working-class boarding-schools in name as well as fact.

Tainted too soon

Although Mr. Clynes has stopped the scandalous practice of sending young offenders awaiting trial to Wandsworth Prison, where executions take place, he has found an arrangement which is still unsatisfactory.

Give him £70,000

The youngsters now go to Wormwood Scrubs, where they taste the real prison atmosphere among adult prisoners.

It is a pity that the Home Secretary cannot find the £70,000 required to build the remand-home for young people.

He admits that it is essential, and we hope he will at least find better accommodation until the real job is tackled.

Contemptuous?

"We come now to the second cardinal feature of the decision in which the judges showed both prejudice and ignorance."

Contempt of court?

Well, the authors who begin a chapter of one of their books with these words are Lord Passfield and Beatrice Webb.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Solicitor-General, is a nephew of Lady Passfield, so we will not press for an example of Roman virtue.

"If You See It—"
—continued

What is a shipwreck?

We are glad to learn that the crew of the British tanker *Wellfield*, whose story we told recently under the title "Red-Tape Reward for Heroism," has now been paid the two months' wages provided by the Merchant Shipping Act.

It seems unnecessary that these men, just escaped from the sea's hungry maw, should have been made to wait so long, and that the National Union of Seamen and the various officers' guilds should have had to fight for what the law clearly intended.

• • •

The case of the *Wellfield* shows that a definite ruling is needed on what exactly constitutes a shipwreck, so that the wages of a crew forced to abandon ship shall not be hung up indefinitely.

Taxi tales

Taxi-drivers are the latest people with a complaint against the mobile police.

They are telling the officials of their organisations that they are being pulled up for "absolutely nothing."

Their leaders have decided to compile a list of cases of what they regard as "persecution," and take up the matter with Lord Byng at Scotland Yard.

Small bait

Another big group of newspapers has decided that all small advertisements offering to arrange partnerships, buy or sell businesses or find jobs must be accompanied by a solicitor's reference.

We have long stressed the need for this reform and a glance at our article, "A 'Private Gentleman' with a Mean Soul," on page 11, will show how such advertisements have been the bait laid by unscrupulous crooks who victimise thousands of people.

We hope to see every paper of repute falling into line.

Turkey comes to us

The Grimsby trawler *Renovia* has been bought by the Turkish Government for research-work in the fishing industry.

The boat is being fitted with modern British appliances and will be manned by our experts. They will help to develop the Turkish fishing on the best lines.

Turkey recognises our system as being the only one for practical purposes, and the news of her active start with a British trawler will gratify all our own fishermen.

Out of "the house"

There are 48,900 fewer people in the workhouse to-day than in 1914.

And why? The "dole" and widows' pensions and old-age pensions at sixty-five provide the answer.

Once upon a time there was nothing but the workhouse for many of the Darbies and Joans when they got too old for work.

Now there is a weekly visit to the post-office with the pension-book, and they live on in self-respect and comfort in the little homes they have got together.

Postman's knock

Large numbers of hard-working postmen are still paid less than £2 a week.

Major Attlee, the Postmaster-General, has told Mr. O. Lewis, M.P., that if the Post Office accounts were set out on the same basis as a firm's balance-sheet, last year's trading would show a dividend of nearly 12 per cent.

If such big profits can be made, no wonder the postmen feel that the wage-packets might be a bit fatter.

Shop closed

Although the Sunday Shops Bill has had a practically unopposed second reading, it will not be passed this session of Parliament.

It proposes to enact that all shops should close on Sundays, and then to make certain exceptions.

A queer thing about it is that the M.P.s belonging to the two shop-assistants' unions are on different sides.

Mr. Hoffman, the Shop Assistants' Union M.P., wants the Bill; Mr. Rhys Davies, the Distributive Workers' Union M.P., does not, but wants the centuries-old Sunday Observance Act enforced without exceptions.

Pugnacious peer

One of the best fighters in the Government is Earl de la Warr, who reached Ministerial rank at the age of thirty.

Warr-ior

As Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, he has been fighting the almost overwhelming opposition of Conservative landowner peers in the House of Lords.

He has not been able to prevent the mutilation of the Government's chief agricultural measure, but he has put up a bonny fight and gone down with the flag flying.

These are the men the country needs in the management of her affairs.

Scottish hike

Mother of the Hostel is the pleasant title given to women superintendents of hikers' hostels in Scotland. The Mother lives in the vicinity, and it is her job to see that only those hikers furnished with credentials are allowed shelter in the huts.

This may seem a little hard, but it prevents irregular persons from using them, which is as it should be.

Incidentally, there is quite a boom in women's hiking shorts in Caledonia. One firm of wholesale tailors reports a full month's employment on shorts alone; but another—obviously of the "Holy Willie" type—refuses to make anything but hiking skirts for women on the grounds that "shorts" are "immoral."

What hypocritical bunk!

"Shear" bluff

Beware of the man who calls with a pair of shears and offers to cut the hedge.

This summer ramp has started early, and housewives will be wise to ignore the tale of war wounds and inability to do heavy work.

Having cut the hedge, the man says he is able to get plants and rose-trees from Covent Garden, London, at special prices. The wife takes his address and parts with 10s. in addition to paying for the hedge-cutting.

Exit 10s. All the unwary wife receives is a bogus address.

A black draught

We despise people like Ernest and Eve Parry, of Newport, Mon. They have gone to prison for a month for cruelty to their two little girls.

The home was in a filthy condition and the parents had ignored repeated warnings.

One child, aged eight, had scalds on her legs badly in need of treatment, and the police said the father was usually drunk and the mother never at home.

A month of hard labour is insufficient. Magistrates should make the medicine stronger.

Here's a new one

The very latest swindle is to pose as a newspaper competition representative, tell the innocent they have won a big prize, draw a large sum as a contribution to the local hospital, promise to call the next day with the prize-money, and then go and find the next mug.

This trick has been played on a Balderton widow, who is now poorer by £10. The man arrived in a motor-car and produced official-looking documents for the lady to sign.

Repeated warnings fail to penetrate into every home. We can only go on with the good work of telling our readers to be careful.

Much ado—

A good deal of fuss has been raised over the admission of Don Juan, ex-King Alfonso's son, to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

While admitting that the acceptance of foreigners without examination is unusual, the Admiralty stresses that Don Juan is not eligible for later appointment as a naval officer.

In view of the heavy expenses to parents of maintaining a cadet at Dartmouth, the net result seems to be a financial gain for the country.

Some of those who applauded the raising of the question knew perfectly well that an alien cannot receive the King's commission.

Double maimed

We hold no brief for Arthur Baker, of Peterborough, but we fail to see why he should have lost his job as a traffic-controller in a goods-yard because he has also lost an arm.

He told the local magistrates he had been out of work since Christmas. Worse than that is the fact that his job has been given to an ex-policeman who has a good pension to start with.

The State is now paying the policeman's pension and Baker's "dole."

Skeleton crews

Liverpool seamen have been faced recently with serious modifications of the manning rules.

Two ships recently sailed from that port with crews so reduced in numbers as to approach the danger-mark.

• • •

One was twelve men short of the number on the previous voyage. The crew of the second asked to be paid off because they considered the manning unsafe.

Sailors are not ordinarily hysterical, and the Board of Trade should enquire carefully into this question.

Inquisition

Pity the poor war pensioner. A new terror has been added to his life. He now has to answer eighteen questions on yellow Form M.P.I.F. 27, and if he is unable to answer them correctly his pension is liable to be withheld.

Included in the catechism are the following: "What is the Christian name of your father? What is the Christian name of your mother? What is your wife's maiden name? What is the date of her birth? What is the date and place of your marriage?"

What these conundrums have to do with war disabilities heaven only knows. About the only two questions not included are: "What is your religion?" and "What is the number of your watch?"

His good deed

It is amusing to kid the Mobile Police and make fun sometimes of Robert's size in footwear: nevertheless, the average English cop is a pretty good chap.

We like the Kingston constable who found a man drunk and incapable in the roadway the other night.

Instead of dragging him off to the "cooler," he took him home, saw his landlady, and put him to bed.

Then he went to the station and made his report.

Sad sea waves

According to present arrangements, it is likely to be August before the Sunday Performances Bill is passed into law, which means that there will be no Sunday evening kinema and other entertainments at many of the seaside resorts this summer.

A bid will be made to secure the inclusion of theatres in the Bill during its committee stage, but whether this will succeed is very doubtful.

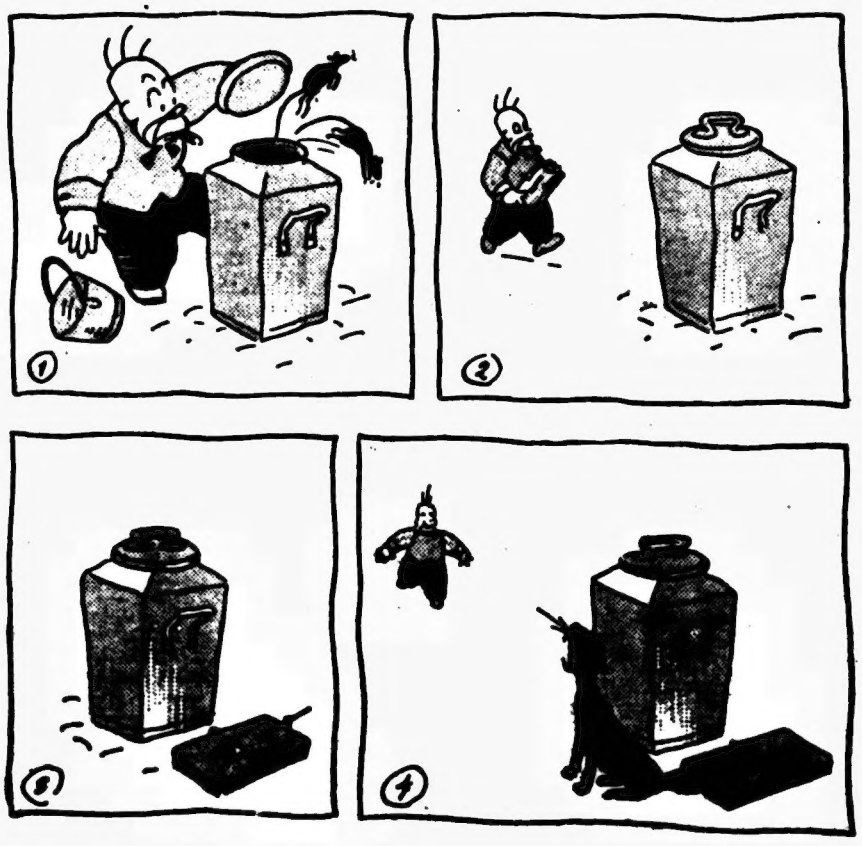
Silicosis compensations

Silicosis is a dreadful disease caused by inhaling irritating grits into the lungs, but it has compensations for some.

The financial statement of the Sandstone Silicosis Fund for 1930 shows £48,715 collected in levies, £10,300 spent on administrative and medical committees, and only £5,580 paid out in compensation to sufferers.

If the officials' fees do not rise sharply this year the fund should remain solvent.

ADAMSON— —Springs a new one



ONLY HEROINES NEED APPLY!

THE records of "John Bull" show many instances of nurses broken in the service of healing.

There are cases of women who took to the deadly solace of drugs. These are rare, but there are thousands of young women who begin with high hopes and clean ideals, only to be heartbroken by stupid drudgery.

Mr. Fenner Brockway at least suggests a remedy in the Bill now before Parliament.

"Girls who have broken down under their work . . . utterly worn out"

by

A. FENNER BROCKWAY, M.P.

NURSING is a noble profession. Those who undertake it regard it as a vocation, and are prepared to make sacrifices for it. Millions testify to their fine work.

But that is no reason why they should be **overworked and underpaid and** deprived of the **recreation which is the right of** everyone, **and particularly of young people,** from the **moment that they enter it.**

To **treat nurses as they are treated at** present is a **blunder as well as a crime.**

How **can they, as many of them ask, do** their best **work for the patients when they are** so driven **and harassed? And what right have** we to expect **that girls will continue to train as** nurses when **nursing is so terribly sweated?**

It is **significant that in a world full of un**employment **the supply of nurses is nothing** like equal **to the demand.**

Does **the public realise what the average** nurse's **life is? Here is a typical specimen of a** day's **work in one hospital:**

Up at **6 a.m., make bed, clean out bedroom,** have **breakfast, and on duty by 7 a.m By** 8.30 a.m. **twelve beds have to be made—perhaps** heavy **surgical cases—and the ward has to be** swept, **dusted and tidied; vessels must be** emptied, **temperatures taken, lunches given out** to patients **and the crockery collected again.**

By **9.15 a.m. all this work is expected to be** finished, **and the nurse must also have cleaned** the lavatory **and bathroom, and have washed** all the **basins and bedpans.**

At **9.45 a.m. she must be ready to go on the** rounds **with the doctor, after which she has to** do dressings. **Dinner has also to be served to** the patients, **and at 1.15 p.m. she goes to her** own dinner, **for which she has half an hour.**

SHE is then off duty until 4 p.m., has a quarter of an hour for tea, and returns to the ward at 4.15 p.m.

Again **she makes twelve beds, takes tem**peratures, **washes the patients, brings them** their supper **and clears it away, sweeps and** tidies **the ward, empties bowls and vessels, and** writes out **her report for the day.**

The **bandages and linen have to be** washed, **mackintosh sheets have to be** scrubbed, **and the bathroom must be tidied.** At 8.30 **p.m. she goes off duty.**

At **intervals during the day since 7 a.m.** she has **been giving medicine, filling hot**water **bottles, and so forth; and possibly** emergency **cases have come in.**

And, over and above, there is a set programme of "extra" work—locker-scrubbing one day, furniture-polishing another, and so on—for every day in the week. Night duty is generally from 8 p.m. till 8 or 8.30 a.m.

The surprising thing is not that there is a shortage of nurses, but that the shortage is not far more acute.

As the father of a probationer told me: "If it had to be a man's job, there wouldn't be a hospital with its doors open. I cannot for the life of me think how the girls stick it. Many of them are simply unable to do so.

"FROM a hospital in this vicinity four out of the twelve probationers who commenced duties last autumn have been compelled to relinquish their duties already, through the long hours and the consequences of them. They were robust, physically sound and full of enthusiasm for the work.

"Their working hours—Sunday included—were from 7 a.m. till 8.15 p.m.—two hours off duty and half an hour for dinner and tea. No wonder they suffered from foot trouble and varicose veins. My daughter has been obliged to give in, but she is still full of zeal for the work."

I have the most pathetic statements from the mothers of girls who have broken down under the work, and from other mothers who see their daughters utterly worn out and fear that their strength will not be able to stand the strain.

And sometimes, apart from the strain, conditions are actually dangerous to the health. This is the sort of thing:

"I worked in three hospitals that had not sanitary sluices, and the utensils were cleaned by holding them under a running tap," says a nurse. "This means that we get bad throats and diphtheria, and two were sent away with this last summer.

"One poor girl, after two years in hospital, got so run down that she developed blood-poisoning. She has had to have her leg amputated below the knee. There is no compensation for cases such as these."

Letters come to me every day concerning the Nursing Profession (Wages and Hours) Bill—letters from nurses and the relatives of nurses—welcoming the Bill warmly and urging me to do everything in my power to get it through.

Readers of JOHN BULL may have seen in some sections of the Press statements that the nursing profession does not want the Bill which I am presenting to the House of Commons, because it is opposed by some of the officials of the nurses' organisations.

I have the most abundant evidence that these officials do not represent the views of the nursing profession as a whole. Here is an extract from one letter:

"In regard to some organisations which oppose your Bill, it may surely be enquired what steps, if any, they have taken to ascertain the opinion of their individual members . . . the nurses themselves."

And another: "We have heard quite a lot about your Bill, and apparently those in authority in the nursing profession are opposing it, with many fine phrases about 'lowering the profession,' and 'putting it on a level with a trade union,' etc.

"But you have the wholehearted support of all the rank and file of the profession—they are wondering why the people in authority have never done anything really practical to improve the prospects or shorten the hours of work for nurses."

I have no hesitation in saying that at present nurses are shockingly sweated. They undergo a long and arduous training for their work, which is hard, difficult, and very trying to the health.

They are paid at a rate which would not be excessive for absolutely unskilled, light work; and in the great majority of cases they have no hope of security in old age.

I should like to ask the organisations which oppose the Bill what they are proposing to put in its place to redress this state of affairs.

WHAT is the pay for these long hours of hard, responsible, heavy and often dangerous work, carried out under conditions of rigid discipline?

Conditions vary, but the average is £20 to £30 for the first year of training, £25 to £35 for the second, and £30 to £40 for the third. The salary for a qualified staff-nurse averages from £50 to £75 a year and for sisters £60 to £95.

Do not think that these low salaries are compensated for by a pension. For the great majority of nurses there is no pension or superannuation scheme whatever.

And what chance have they to save against the day when age forces them to retire? Or against a breakdown in health, the fear of which is never far away from so many?

I maintain that no nurse should have to work more than eight hours a day; that no probationer should be paid less than £40 a year, and no trained nurse less than £60.

And to any critic who regrets the "trade unionising" of a profession, I would point out that the two most powerful trade unions in this country are the lawyers and the doctors.

Engineering Profits
Commons' Frivolity
Flag-Day Evils

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
***Buckingham Palace, London* S.W.**

YOUR MAJESTY,—You have a birthday on May 26. It will be remembered with many kindly feelings by the people of Great Britain and the Dominions.

You are the greatest *lady* in the world—using that word in its rare significance—because you symbolise all that is dignified and gracious in womanhood.

When the world thinks of the essential mother it thinks of Queen Mary of England.

In company with the millions, I proffer my respectful congratulations.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
10, Downing Street, London, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I profoundly disagree with your Cabinet's half-hearted policy regarding airship construction.

As the earliest and strongest opponent of the discredited, suicidal gasbag, I suggest, with respect, that you will live to regret a lost opportunity of scrapping the lot.

You have embraced my alternative of making inexpensive experiments with models, but you have left sufficient of the fireworks for future air lunatics to play with.

The position of the staff at Cardington is not involved if, as I have already urged, places are found for it in aircraft works over which the Ministry of Air has control.

JOHN BULL.

Rear-Admiral T. J. S. LYNE, C.B.,
Hamilton House, Wolverstone, Ipswich

DEAR ADMIRAL,—There was a real sailor touch about your action in sitting down to lunch with your warrant officers at Devonport.

It may have caused the smelling-salts to be produced at Whitehall, but why worry?

You are the first ranker in modern times to reach the position of admiral, and you started as a deck-boy.

It is harder to get to the quarter-deck through the hawse-pipe than through the eye of the proverbial needle, but you did it and can now hoist the admiral's flag that you have had in your ditty-box all the time.

I can guess how gladly your men spliced the mainbrace. Bravo, sir!

JOHN BULL.

SIR WILLIAM KAY,
Ex-Lord Mayor of Manchester

DEAR SIR,—You are well in the forefront, I observe, of a foolish movement to deprive Lancashire folk of their small annual holidays by abolishing the Wakes Weeks which commence at Whitsun and wiping out the traditional processions and other happy associations of the festivals.

This is your contribution to means for the betterment of trade and industry.

With the eight-hour day, which you say you curse, you declare that workers have all the holidays they need, and that the time has come for "this silly holiday nonsense" to be scrapped.

If you and your kind took a long holiday from public affairs business might boom.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir E. H. YOUNG, M.P.,
Leinster Terrace, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—Although it was an ingenious bit of fooling, I fail to see any reason why you should waste the time of the House with a speech on the possible application of a mythical algebraical formula to one of the clauses of the Electoral Reform Bill.

The wholesale abstention of voters at recent by-elections is proof that the public is getting tired of frivolity in the House.

These are hard times, so stick to business and save jokes for after dinner.

JOHN BULL.

The Outcasts of DIVORCE

Rt. Hon. LORD SALVESEN, K.C.,
Judicial Committee, Privy Council

MY LORD,—I like a man to speak his mind, and I greatly admire the courageous frankness of your speech on divorce reform to the Eugenics Society.

In the ordinary way men of your profession are not given to plain speaking—there might be less work for them if they were. But you did not mince matters.

You declared boldly that in your view infidelity should not be the only reason for divorce or even, necessarily, the most cogent

Thousands of men and women unhappily tied to the hopelessly insane, to habitual criminals, or to other partners who make marriage a mockery, will bless you for those words.

When, my lord, you went on to describe our own country as being "on this question of marriage reform, perhaps the most priest-ridden of all the existing States of Europe," you opened the sluice-gates of controversy.

But I agree with you that "it is intolerable that a section of a Church which draws its revenue from the State—and is subject to its jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters—should refuse to marry couples to whose union there is no legal impediment."

And I hope that the high dignitaries of that same State Church will take your outspoken protest to heart.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. B. E. ASTBURY,
Charity Organisation Society

DEAR SIR,—Flag-days are now accepted as necessary evils and the British public gives generously and frequently.

That generosity alone is an excellent reason why a tighter grip should be taken on the reins of organisation.

There are too many cases of people buying an emblem in their own district on one day and then finding themselves faced with a second demand when they get to town the next day.

One day for each cause is sufficient, and I hope that you, as secretary of the Enquiry Department, will take up this matter.

JOHN BULL.

The Hon. Mr. JUSTICE ROCHE,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—Your practical and sound move in sponsoring cheaper litigation in commercial cases is very welcome.

If your plans are put into operation, hundreds of thousands of pounds will be saved every year, as well as valuable hours of time.

I join with the London Chamber of Commerce in publicly thanking you for trying to get something done.

JOHN BULL.

SIR ALLAN SMITH, K.B.E.,
Chairman, Engineering Employers' Fed.

DEAR SIR ALLAN,—You and your engineering fellow-employers are risking a great stoppage in insisting on still more drastic wage-reductions than those which the million workmen in your industry have offered to accept.

Big profits are still being made in engineering. According to the *Economist*, sixty-two representative engineering firms, with a capital of £184,000,000, showed net profits rising from £5,673,000 in 1927 to £11,000 last year, a return on capital of 6.2 per cent.

In addition, they reduced their debenture debt by £12,000,000.

If your members would decide on a big push to put their house in order, the need for the £10,000,000 cut in workers' wages would largely disappear.

In any case, if sacrifice there must be, don't put the whole burden on the workers.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

ARCHBISHOP GILMARTIN: "It is abominable to see girls of sixteen or seventeen doing just as they like."

But you must not tie them to your venerable apron-strings.

MR. BRUDENELL BRUCE: "Englishmen are bad commercial travellers."

They are certainly not noisy, objectionable bagmen, but they can sell against any foreigner—if they get the goods.

MRS. H. B. ST. GEORGE, of Coombe House, near Kingston, who has inherited £1,000,000 under the will of her father, George F. Baker, the Sphinx of Wall Street: "This million will not make much difference in my life."

It ought to make a tremendous difference, for great wealth carries with it great responsibilities.

Not from the B.B.C.—Canon F. H. Dudden, D.D., Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, on

Bacchus in Bags

I'M Canon Dudden; what is more,
Of Oxford I'm Vice-Chancellor.
A very pleasant job is mine.
Old trees, old books, and fine old wine
Surround me; but, confound the fates,
So, too, do undergraduates!

These last are, so to speak, the flies
In Oxford's amber. Few are wise,
And many have a tiresome way
Of striving grimly to be gay.
So I must play the part of nurse,
Which is a bore, but might be worse.

"Give 'em their heads," is what I say.
And so I let the youngsters play
Until the time seems overdue
For handing round a smack or two.
Boys will be boys—especially when
They counterfeit the pose of men!

Before going further, let me remove any possible misconception that the Vice-Chancellor is so called because he is charged with keeping an eye on University vice.

For this, I can assure you, would not be a full-time job, however anxious some undergraduates may be to make you think otherwise.

Lately those who do not know undergraduates and undergraduate journalism as I do have been shocked by an article in *Isis*, the University magazine, asserting that: "Apart from Buenos Ayres and the higher circles of Chicago, there is a more constant high level of intoxication in Oxford than anywhere else in the world."

This, admittedly, sounds sinister, and those references to Buenos Ayres and Chicago make the youthful writer seem terribly experienced and worldly wise. But, after all, what do they know of Buenos Ayres who only Oxford know?

Wanting to be thought desperately wicked young devils has always been a peculiarity of undergraduates.

When Swinburne's poetry was fashionable the bold young æsthetes went about chanting the praises of an imaginary hussy called Dolores, whom they begged to "Come down and redeem us from virtue."

Nowadays Bacchus is worshipped instead of Dolores, and wicked young reprobates who have imbibed three (3) clarets are convinced that, compared with them, the world's most hardened drinkers are unenterprising teetotallers.

Nothing would be more gratifying to these bogus desperadoes than that the world should think that they spend hectic nights looking upon the whisky when it is amber and drinking delight of battle with their beers; but the truth, believe me, is much less thrilling.

Fond mothers may think, after reading the *Isis*,
That Cyril's addicted to tri-weekly sprees,
And matters with Eric have reached such a crisis
He now is the victim of chronic d.t.'s.
But let them not fear in this way for their ewe-lambs—
The down on whose lips is beginning to sprout—
For when the gay dogs drink of whisky a few drams
Poor Cyril is down and dear Eric is out!

But keep this a secret, for it would be callous
To kill the illusions of riotous youth;
And only a person addicted to malice
Would slay gay romance for the sake of dry truth.
So let the bright lads dream their dreams alcoholic,
And think a rich red they are painting the town;
But not very far goes their desperate frolic
Ere Eric is out and dear Cyril is down.

A Stroke to SAVE the WORLD

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. Hoover, America's President, should do it like this

ALL of us are scanning the horizon to-day for a sign of a break in the clouds and a glimpse of blue sky. I cannot pretend to have news of either one or the other; but the proceedings of the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington give a ray of hope. At any rate, they are worth our attention.

The world slump is not due to one cause, but to many causes. We are still floundering in the wreckage of the war. Tariffs have blocked up the channels of trade.

Over-production has choked the world with commodities and thrown 20,000,000 workers out of employment. Currencies have depreciated and commodities have fallen to a price at which they cannot be economically produced.

While the world is starved for money and credit, the bulk of the available supply of gold is locked up in two countries, the United States and France.

It is no exaggeration to-day to say, in Bryan's phrase, that humanity is being "crucified on a cross of gold."

Chains of gold

No one is hitting the right nail on the head more truly than Lord D'Abernon in his demand that the three great money Powers—Britain, France and the United States—should release the stranglehold on gold and restore the equilibrium between gold and commodities.

And associated with this gold question is another financial curse. The war debts hang like chains and fetters upon the limbs of the world.

Ever since the war, Europe has been in bondage to America, and it is to remain in bondage for more than half a century.

We, who borrowed not for ourselves but for our allies, are mainly responsible. We pay the United States £33,000,000 a year; France pays £7,000,000; Italy £4,000,000.

All this and much more is recovered from Germany. Only so long as Germany can pay us and our allies do we and our allies pay America. In other words, we are America's chief debt-collector from Germany, not for a year or ten years, but for generations.

The effect of all this is to disorganise the whole European financial system.

Germany, in order to meet her enormous liabilities, has first to borrow from America and then to deluge the European market with her commodities in order to pay her debts. This throws the whole mechanism of European trade into disorder.

Profits of war

And the situation is made all the more impossible by the fact that the new American tariff practically excludes payment of the war-debts in goods, which would at least give Europe employment, and leads to the further impoverishment of the gold resources on this side of the Atlantic.

If a way is to be found out of this deadly stranglehold of the war-debts, it must come from the action of America. Hitherto we have looked in vain for any promise of relief.

It is true that there has always been a powerful body of opinion in the United States in favour of the cancellation of the debts on the ground that America's claim is an unjust claim.

She came late into the war and reaped enormous profits from the necessities of the Allies.

Great bankers, leading educationists, like Dr. Murray Butler, and many of the most famous statesmen and public men, like F. W. Peabody, have carried on a ceaseless crusade against what they regard as a rapacious and dishonourable policy.

But so far without effect upon Senate or Congress or the Government.

The lure of this enormous tribute from Europe has been too tempting to permit any President to go boldly to the people and say, "This thing is wrong and must stop."

But now something has happened which is causing America to pause, and think and doubt.

The mighty wave of prosperity has passed. While that wave was flowing and while it seemed that America could "grow-rich-quick" regardless of the misfortunes of the rest of the world, its ears were deaf to the appeals to its sense of justice and honour.

Now, however, America is caught in the vortex of the storm. It is learning that its prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of the world as a whole, and that when the world as a whole is reduced to beggary, it drags everything, including America, down with it.

It is learning, too, that though it piles its hoards of gold as high as the Matterhorn and builds its tariff-walls as high as the stars, it cannot save itself from the general fate.

There is more unemployment in America to-day than there is here. And there is infinitely more misery associated with that unemployment.

There is nothing but charity, the bread queue and mendicancy under the thin disguise of the sale of apples.

The lesson of all this is soaking into the American mind and is being driven home powerfully by the advocates of cancellation.

"What does it profit a nation," asked Dr. Murray Butler at a meeting at Chicago the other day, "what does it profit a nation to collect war-debts in cash and to lose twenty times their amount in industry and in trade?"

And he proceeded to show that America itself has at last become the worst sufferer from the war-debts. First they crippled Europe; then they crippled the world; now they have crippled America.

And it is not only the intellectuals and the bankers and the lawyers, like Mr. Thomas Chadbourne, who are demanding cancellation. The cry has now reached the ranks of Labour.

Mr. William Green, the successor of Gompers as President of the American Federation of Labour, has raised it in a speech at Harvard.

Cancellation, he said, would lift the economic burden from the back of Labour, and would "give an impetus to international economic recovery which would be of immeasurable value."

The same note has been struck at the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington, where resolutions for the reopening of the debt question and the reduction of tariffs were carried by American votes.

And this on the frank ground that United States self-interest cannot be disentangled from world interests. In a word, what justice demanded in vain, sheer necessity now compels.

Do it boldly!

What is to be the attitude of the Government in the face of all this gathering volume of feeling?

Mr. Hoover says that if America cancels the debts Europe will spend more on armaments.

It is a good debating-point, and Mr. Herbert Houston retorts with the suggestion that the war-debts should be reduced dollar for dollar in the same proportion as the reduction made by Europe in armaments.

No one wishes to see the appalling waste on armaments reduced more than I do; but I believe America will bring about that more by a bold measure of cancellation than by bargaining.

By such a measure, President Hoover would not only liberate the trade of the world from its fetters, but would give America such a commanding voice on the question of disarmament that even France would have to listen to reason.

Compensations

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A KIND-HEARTED lady of my acquaintance tells me that she recently received a useful lesson on the way in which life gives with one hand when it takes away with the other—if we are wise enough and brave enough to make the best of things.

She took into her house for a week a poor widow with a young family partly in order to give the tired mother a rest, and partly to have her treated for failing eyesight.

It has done her good to be in that woman's company, for she has never met a person who exhibited a more cheerful spirit under adversity.

Going blind—here was an affliction that would have crushed some people, but not this little woman. She says she is not less happy since her world grew dark than she was before. She has found out how to better appreciate and enjoy some of her blessings.

As one sense ceases to function the others become more acute. Her food seems to taste better, or she savours it more; the scent of flowers, and even of the earth after rain, is sweeter to her apprehension; and she loves the song of birds and the sound of running water as she never did when she could see.

Most of all she loves the sound of people's voices, and says: "I never knew how charming the human voice could be till I had to listen instead of looking at people's faces."

The wireless is a constant joy to her, and all instrumental and vocal music now gives her a thrill that it never used to give when she depended more upon seeing than hearing.

Perhaps people speak more kindly to her than they used to do; people are generally compassionate to the sightless. At any rate she thinks she has more friends since she became nearly blind, and that all of them like being with her and are good to her.

It cannot be a good thing to lose one's eyesight, nor to lose any of our natural endowments; but how often it happens that being deprived of one blessing makes us prize the rest more!—that is, if instead of repining we determine to get as much good as we can out of the benefits that life still affords.

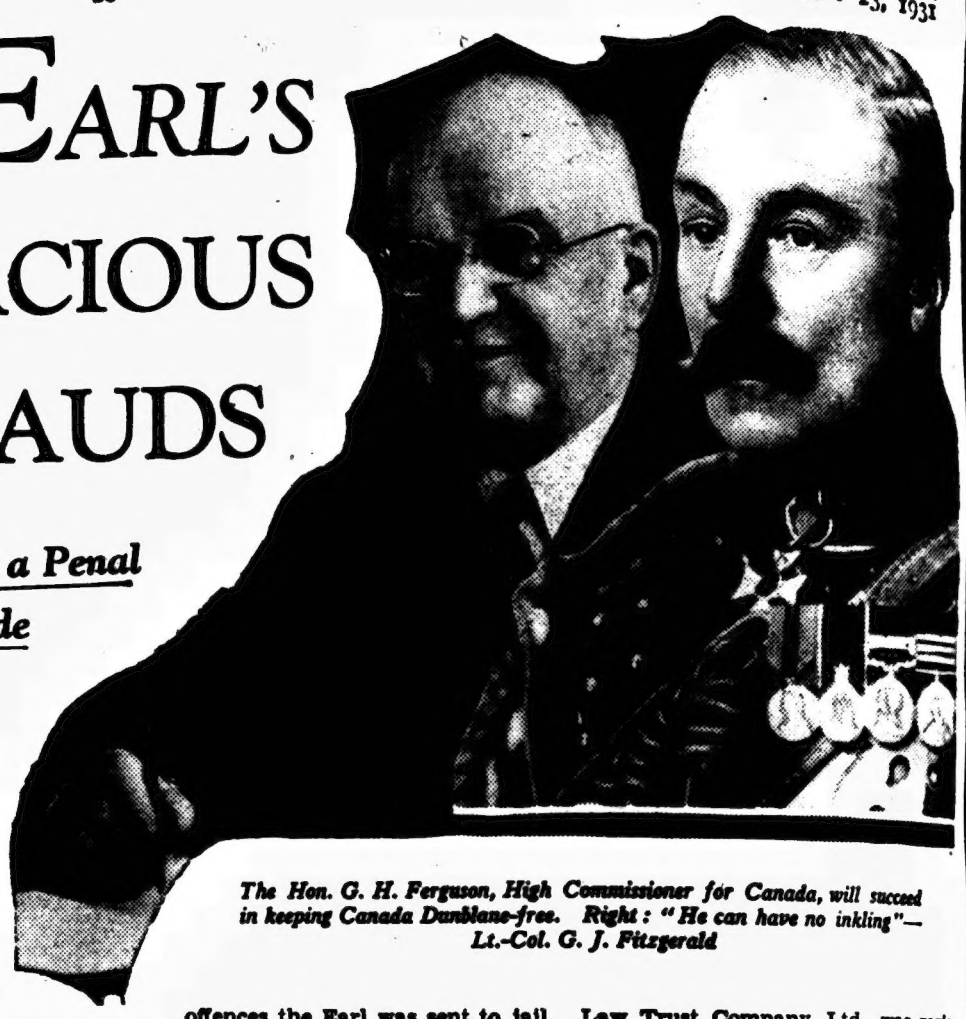
Our sympathies are quickened with the lessening of our powers, unless we allow resentment at the loss to make us grow harder. Sometimes we do not see what we ought to see till it is too late.

There are very few evils in life that cannot be turned into blessings if we take the right attitude to them. There are very few sorrows from which joy cannot be distilled if only we can love enough and banish fear and fret.

The shadow of death is the gate of the morning.

BOGUS EARL'S AUDACIOUS FRAUDS

Exploits of a Penal Servitude Peer



The Hon. G. H. Ferguson, High Commissioner for Canada, will succeed in keeping Canada Dunblane-free. Right: "He can have no inkling"—Lt.-Col. G. J. Fitzgerald

DUNBLANE, delightfully situated on the left bank of Allan Water, in Perthshire, is a romantic town, dating from the seventh century. It figures in history, poetry and song.

To be Earl of Dunblane, therefore, is a proud distinction; but, for reasons best known to himself, the latest claimant to the title prefers to be known at the moment as plain Mr. Alfred John Walker Greig, M.A., LL.B.

In this name he is at present presiding over two concerns known as the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Ltd., and the Monarch Insurance Company, Ltd., both housed at 23, Charterhouse Street, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

He is also content to describe himself as an "insurance expert" and to let his ancestral honours pass.

On the tasteful and costly notepaper of the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Limited, we find described a wide variety of interests.

The company boasts "complete trust facilities in England and Scotland," and is apparently prepared to act as transfer-agents, registrars, administrators of British estates, executors, underwriters and agents for miscellaneous lines of insurance.

Whose guarantee?

In addition, it professes to issue policies for contingency insurance and for the defence and indemnity of physicians, surgeons and dentists.

At the moment, the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Ltd., is inviting subscriptions for what it is pleased to term "guaranteed investment security certificates," issuable in amounts ranging from £50 to £1,000.

Certificates for any sum can be purchased by monthly instalments, spread over 100 months.

Then, at the close of this period of eight and a half years, the subscriber will be entitled to a certificate for the full sum paid and cash for interest at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Half-yearly interest of 5½ per cent. is payable on the certificate, while the capital sum will be payable within a further three years.

This means that the scheme requires eleven and a half years for fulfilment.

On the other hand, the company undertakes to pay the full amount of the certificate, plus interest, should the subscriber die at any time during the first 100 months.

Its literature declares the investment to be "guaranteed," but neglects to say how or by whom it is guaranteed. Nor is any information volunteered regarding the financial status of the company.

Under the heading "Concerning Safety," though, it smugly asserts: "Our company functions by authority of the Companies Act, 1929, and we must conform to all the laws, rules and regulations concerning such companies."

This, of course, means precisely nothing, except that the concern is duly registered.

Dug up

In an endeavour to ascertain some more satisfying particulars of the venture, we have unearthed some truly amazing facts.

Although Mr. Alfred John Walker Greig is vaguely described as "an insurance expert" in connection with his present scheme, it is here possible for us to disclose quite a number of things about him.

He is notorious in America and Canada as a company and insurance swindler, and figured in 1915 in a sensational case in Toronto.

He was then associated with several land schemes, and purloined certain title-deeds and other documents entrusted to him by clients.

Complaints soon began to grow rife against him, and in the end he thought it wise to make himself scarce.

He next cropped up again in Michigan in 1921. Boasting beautiful offices in an important business quarter, he was known everywhere as the Earl of Dunblane, and engaged himself in numerous company ventures.

A hectic year

He had, in the interval, been the subject of enquiry by Canadian police, but this did not deter him from operating another swindle—this time to the detriment of a company called the Tile Guaranty and Casualty Corporation.

The Earl of Dunblane's Michigan run lasted exactly a year. Then he was arrested on a series of grave charges, chief of which was one of converting to his own uses $90,000 worth of stock.

For this and numerous other offences the Earl was sent to jail for a term of two and a half years' penal servitude, which he served at Charlevoix.

After this he was deported, but, with characteristic impudence, he decided to defy the authorities and to recross the Atlantic at the first opportunity.

He was not only successful in getting back into Canada, but actually had the audacity to return to the scene of his earlier exploits and to launch further insurance swindles in Toronto!

Finally, in May, 1928, he stood in the criminal dock once more to answer various charges of conspiracy, theft, false pretences, and of absconding when on bail after his arrest.

He was sentenced to two terms of two years' imprisonment, the sentences to run concurrently. As before, the expiry of his sentence was followed by deportation.

Thus, the Earl of Dunblane actually landed in England at the close of last October, not as an honoured nobleman, but as a deported criminal.

Is it surprising, then, that he has since dropped the title and elected to pass as Mr. Alfred John Walker Greig?

But though he dropped his title he lost no time in pursuing his old habits, for the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Ltd., was registered on November 8—little more than a week after his arrival in the country.

Who, in the face of these disclosures, can possibly place faith in the offers this company is now making?

Apart from his criminal record, Greig is quite unknown in Dunblane and the title he has assumed is a bogus one.

£2

In spite of the grandiose promises of "guaranteed investments," we find that the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Ltd., according to the only available returns at Somerset House, possesses a paid-up capital of £2.

Knowing Greig as we do, we fail to see how there can be any guarantee that this new company will be in a position to fulfil its promises eleven years hence.

Two other directors are named at Somerset House in connection with the Trust. They are Lt.-Col. Fitzgerald and Sir John Hastings Seton, Bart., and can have no inkling of their colleague's real record.

In presenting the truth as a warning to the public we feel sure these gentlemen will dissociate themselves from Greig without delay.

The Half-Crown Consultants

PEOPLE seeking employment as "porters" are being invited to write to "C. C." at 27, Nicholson Road, Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey.

The advertisements do not tell whether railway porters or fish porters are required.

Application brings a letter from a concern styled "Commercial Consultants," which professes to advise others on any staff problems or appointments.

"We have at some cost compiled a special list of 500 prospective employers," the letter runs, "to whom we guarantee to send your name and address when you have returned to us the enclosed form."

The "enclosed form" calls for a few personal particulars.

Commercial Consultants is the business name of three clerks, R. H. Clark, H. J. Wade and F. Elwood.

Their office is a single room in a private dwelling-house, where their attendance is spasmodic.

Before applicants send the half-crowns that these clerks are demanding in advance it would be well to ascertain what qualifications they possess for acting as consultants.

THE PHANTOM PARROT

HALL VIEW, Stapleford, Notts, must be a house of phantoms. At least, that is the opinion anyone might form after perusing a dossier of complaints now before us.

Someone at this address is in the habit of advertising regularly that he has various breeds of parrots for disposal.

We say "someone," because the advertisements are notable for their variety, application being invited to "Owner," "Proprietor," "Horace Holland," and "W. Aubrey Ross."

* * *

The birds offered for sale are usually described in eulogistic terms. Sometimes the assurance is given that they are acclimatised, and can talk, whistle, dance, mimic, laugh, and "do amusing tricks."

The prices asked vary from £1 to £2 5s., but people who have sent their money have repeatedly met with disappointment.

Some complain that the promised parrot has never come to hand; others that it is unable to talk; others, again, that the bird received could not by any stretch of imagination be associated with the advertised description.

Complaints before us emanate from Ely, Suffolk; from Rotherhithe, London, S.E.; from Cardiff; and from Mitcham, Surrey.

So it will be seen that this postal dealer in phantom parrots casts a very wide net.

In certain instances, where disgruntled customers have brought pressure to bear upon the advertiser, some measure of satisfaction has eventually been obtained, but only after the purchasers have suffered considerable inconvenience and delay.

Offers from Hall View should be shunned.

Monstrous School Scandal

A TRAGIC instance of official stupidity is provided by the experience of Mr. J. H. Higgs, of Smeeton, Leicester, who has just cause for bitterness at the way he has been treated by the authorities.

He was brought up at Market Harborough Police Court the other day for failing to send his eight-year-old boy, Ben, to school.

This little lad is unfortunately a cripple. His left leg has been deformed by infantile paralysis, and there is some doubt whether this limb will ever be perfectly sound again.

Mr. Higgs had excellent reasons for keeping his son at home, but although he endeavoured to advance those reasons for the consideration of the magistrates, he was curtly told that these had nothing to do with the case and was ordered to pay a fine of 10s.

We say emphatically that this is monstrous. Mr. Higgs should never have appeared in court at all.

The story he endeavoured to tell, but which the magistrates dismissed as irrelevant, involves one of the most shameful instances of official callousness we have ever encountered.

For little Ben Higgs, the poor boy who must limp through life, must be debarred from joining in the games of his playfellows and suffer a thousand handicaps.

His disability dates from an unfortunate incident which occurred at Smeeton Westerby School.

Happy—till then

He fell while being slapped by a schoolmistress some eighteen months ago, and had to be carried home by two of his schoolmates.

Up to that time he had been a normally healthy child. He has never since been able to walk properly.

At first it was thought that there was no disease in the boy's system, and that his condition was consistent with his having received a blow in the back.

The troubled father immediately took up the matter with the authorities and also consulted solicitors.

He was at first advised to claim £1,000 damages. Then some doubt arose as to whether Mr. Higgs would be able to bring any action against the authorities or whether he would be debarred under the Public Authorities Protection Act.

Finally, the Education Committee of the Leicester County Council offered to make a payment by grace of £100.

The father signed a document accepting his paltry sum "in full and complete satisfaction and discharge of every claim" which he or his son might have against the Leicester County Council or the head mistress of Smeeton Westerby School.

"We thought we had better take that than get nothing" is Mr. Higgs' simple explanation for having agreed to this arrangement.

Natural refusal

This niggardly award was made in December last year. To-day, little Ben Higgs is still under treatment at the Leicester Infirmary, and all efforts to cure him have so far failed.

It is even possible that he may have to undergo an operation.

But this does not end our sad story.

Mr. Higgs has naturally refused—as any other parent would have done—to let his crippled boy return to the school at which he had been so shamefully treated.

When he made his feelings on this point known to the authorities he was told that he could send the lad to any school he chose, but the Church of England school at Kibworth, a village about a mile away, was suggested as a likely establishment.

So, at the beginning of this year, Mr. Higgs decided to give his boy a fresh start, and the lad limped beside his father into Kibworth to enter the new school.

Alas! they had their tramp in vain. The headmaster at Kibworth received them kindly, but explained that his was a senior school, and he could not accept any child from Smeeton who was under eleven years of age.

Mr. Higgs protested that the school had been suggested to him by the education authorities, so the headmaster promised to make some enquiries and let Mr. Higgs know the result.

The anxious father was still waiting to hear the official decision when he was pounced upon by the school-attendance officer, who wanted to know why the lad was not at school.

"Little Ben Higgs must limp through life"

So that was how Mr. Higgs came to be charged before the Market Harborough magistrates!

The story we have outlined is the one he endeavoured to place before them. The deputy-clerk to the Leicestershire County Council put his case in these choice words:

"Defendant thought he had a grievance against the county council because of a regrettable incident some time ago, but in respect of which he had received a considerable amount of compensation, and that had nothing to do with the case.

"He was given the option of sending the child to Kibworth school, and it was for not sending him there that he was summoned."

To dismiss the incident as a regrettable one; to refer to the paltry £100 award as "a considerable sum," and, finally, to suggest that all this had no bearing on the case is utterly preposterous.

Father's ignominy

Surely, after all that Mr. Higgs and his boy have suffered, one would have expected the authorities to be helpful. Why they should have pursued them in this relentless fashion is difficult to understand.

Now, after Mr. Higgs has suffered all the ignominy of appearing in court, and has had to submit to being fined, authority has been belatedly given for the boy to attend Kibworth school.

So it would seem that the officials are content that this tragedy should end with the little cripple limping backwards and forwards daily to an establishment that is a mile away from his home.

We think this case should be thoroughly reviewed, and we commend the facts to the attention of Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, President of the Board of Education.

A "PRIVATE GENTLEMAN" *with a Mean Soul*

SMART clothes, polished speech and a debonair manner hide a particularly mean-souled and despicable character in the person of F. A. Jackson, F.S.A.

Setting up as Jackson and Co., accountants, auditors and business transfer specialists, at 110, Cannon Street, London, E.C., he obtained from a number of poor people amounts ranging from £25 to £300 and then disappeared.

Jackson aimed deliberately at victimising those least able to defend themselves. In the "smalls" columns of the daily Press he inserted advertisements designed to appeal to persons with a little capital.

That his depredations would reduce these people to actual want seems not to have troubled him at all.

* * *

Just after last Christmas he advertised for a salesman.

Out of the applicants for the job he picked a man of advancing years. The salary was £3 a week, but as the work would involve handling large amounts of money, Jackson said he would require a deposit of £100 "as security."

When Jackson disappeared this £100 went with him.

Among the other cases of Jackson's heartless roguery two stand out pitifully—those of William Clements, of Wallington, Surrey, and a domestic servant in West London.

Mr. Clements, who is an old soldier over sixty years of age, was employed as a liftman.

Towards the beginning of the year he was retired, an allowance of half-pay being granted him for a number of months.

Shortly afterwards he saw an advertisement that "a private gentleman was willing to help a small investor into a genuine business." He replied. The "private gentleman" was Jackson.

As a result, Mr. Clements succeeded in getting his former employers to pay his allowance in a lump sum.

He then inspected a tobacco and confectionery business in the Fulham district of London.

Finally, Mr. Clements deposited £100, "every penny he had left in the world."

* * *

Among Jackson's other qualities is a sardonic sense of humour. Anyhow, he arranged that Mr. Clements was to take over the business at 1 p.m. on April 1.

At 11.30 that morning, just as the unfortunate man had got the last of his furniture into the van and was ready to start, Jackson telephoned that the deal was off as there was "something the matter with the lease."

Mr. Clements then put his furniture into storage and later in the day went to Jackson's office.

There he was told that "everything would be all right" and that "they had just the thing" for him in Tottenham.

That was the last he saw of Jackson.

This old man and his wife are now penniless and are obliged to take public assistance.

* * *

Equally heartless is the case of the domestic servant.

This woman, about forty years of age, is the sole support of her aged parents. Recently a former mistress gave her £100 to start her in a business for herself.

She, too, saw one of Jackson's advertisements, and finally agreed to buy a small general shop in the East End of London.

She deposited £104 with Jackson—the £100 she had been given and £4 she had saved—and gave up her job preparatory to taking over the shop.

On the day she was to move in Jackson did not appear, and she has never seen him since.

While Jackson apparently specialises in victimising people of very slender means, he occasionally ventures after bigger game.

A chemist in South London is the poorer by £200 as the result of having met Jackson.

Jackson was to organise a group of chemists' shops into a big, chain-store company, and so convincing was his talk and so rosy the apparent prospects that this man paid over an advance of £200. This, too, vanished with Jackson.

In a somewhat similar manner another man lost £300; while a motor-garage proprietor, whose business the smooth-tongued Mr. Jackson was to organise into a company, was lucky to escape with a loss of £25.

* * *

Jackson's flight, while it has brought suffering and ruin to some humble homes, is fortunate for several other people.

Could he but have held on for a few more days Jackson would have made at least one big haul running into several thousands of pounds.

It is not yet clear what induced him to fly just when he did.

His victims believe it was another matter that gave him such a fright that he fled precipitately.

"Twenty minutes late — lucky I brought plenty of PLAYER'S"

10 *for* 6D
20 *for* 11½D

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

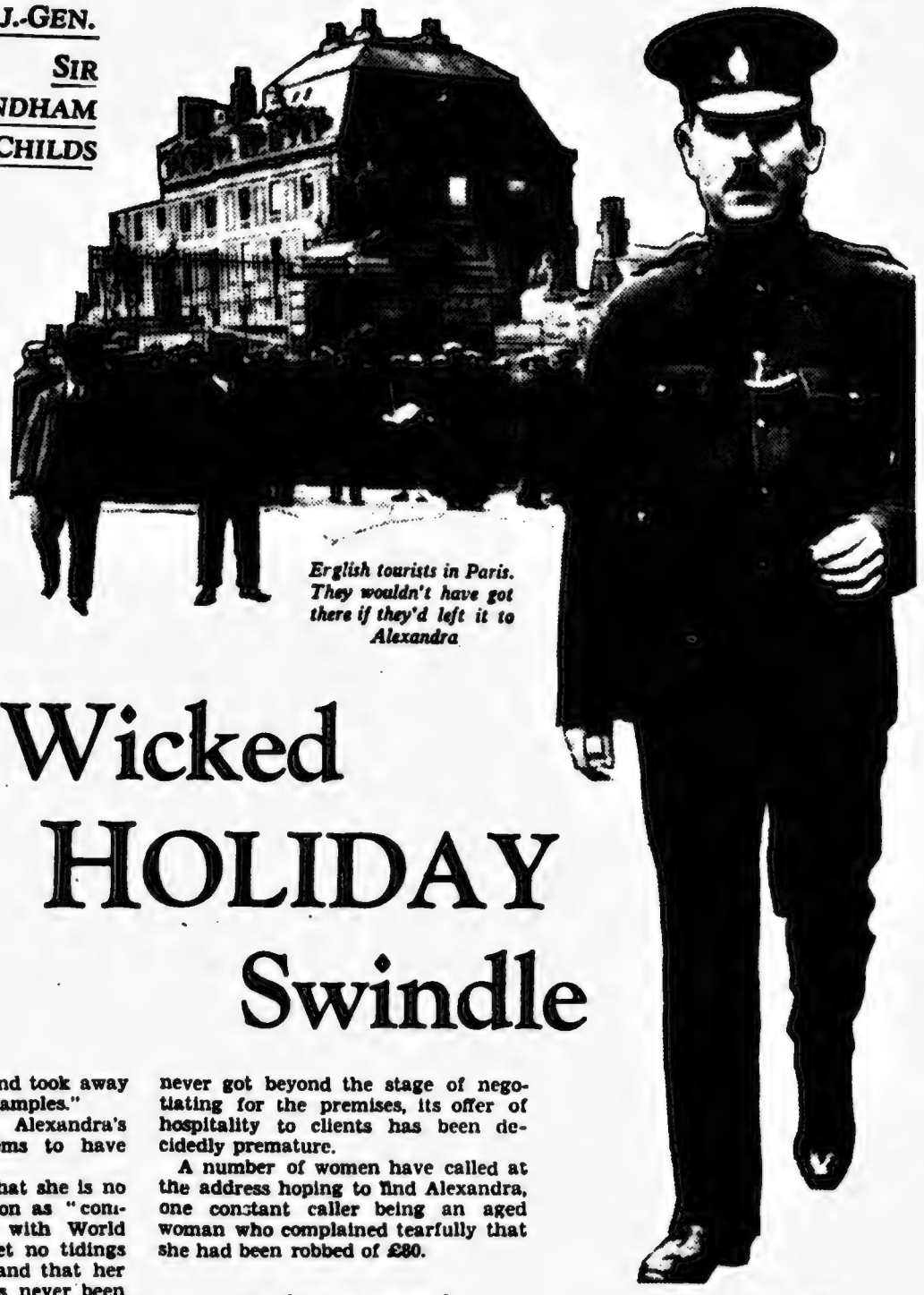
PLAYER'S

THE QUALITY AND QUANTITY CIGARETTE

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.45

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



English tourists in Paris. They wouldn't have got there if they'd left it to Alexandra

Wicked HOLIDAY Swindle

DREAMS and schemes of a new tourists' agency, offering unrivalled services to travellers throughout the world, have, I am afraid, led several people to lose money.

It is in the hope of saving others that I now propose to reveal certain facts about Arthur Charles Alexandra, one of whose dupes is a woman of advancing years.

She went to him seeking employment, and Alexandra declared that she was just the sort of person he was looking for.

Representing himself as a man of many affairs, he spoke confidently of his new travel agency, which, in the name of "World Servers" and with offices in the West End of London, was to confer unlimited benefits upon its clients.

Dance-partners, too

Visitors from overseas were to be specially catered for; chauffeur-driven vehicles and cars for private hire would be available whenever desired; shopping expeditions would be arranged; companions and dance-partners would be furnished; hotel bookings, club introductions would be effected, and men and women couriers would meet trains and liners as required.

Finally, World Servers would live up to its name by maintaining agents in Paris, Rome and New York.

As evidence of his stability, Alexandra produced an attractive brochure issued by the Tourists' Self-Drive Services, Ltd., of 90, Regent Street, London—another venture in which he claimed to be interested.

This company, he pointed out, specialised in providing a car-hire service for people who did not own cars, but who wished to spend a motoring holiday.

Disappointed chaperone

Duly impressed, the woman accepted an offer of future employment as "chaperone and companion" to young girls coming from abroad under the auspices of World Servers.

Meanwhile, she agreed to act as correspondent for the organisation in return for a monthly retaining fee.

There were several interviews, and then Alexandra stipulated that a deposit of £50 must be lodged as security.

When the woman demurred, saying that this would force her to draw on her small capital, Alexandra offered to help her by lending the money himself.

He explained, though, that this could only be done unofficially. The payment would have to go through in her name, so it was suggested that they should exchange cheques.

The woman accordingly made out her cheque for £50, but Alexandra neglected to forward his, and all she received was a badly typewritten, misspelt letter confirming her appointment.

This letter intimated, for instance, that the £50 had been paid for "such prividges" as World Servers was able to give her.

At the same time Alexandra, hearing that the applicant wished to dispose of some Indian curios, had offered to give her the advantage of his "vast connection with rich Americans."

In an expensive car, alleged to be one of the fleet owned by Tourists' Self-Drive Services, Ltd., he drove out to her home and took away a number of curios as "samples."

From that moment Alexandra's business enthusiasm seems to have waned.

My reader complains that she is no nearer securing a position as "companion and chaperone" with World Servers; that she can get no tidings of her valuable curios; and that her monthly retaining-fee has never been paid.

The only evidence of action on the part of World Servers seems to be that it has transferred its headquarters from Old Bond Street to Regent Street, London.

The Tourists' Self-Drive Services, Ltd., which, according to its brochure, offered a hearty welcome to its clients at 90, Regent Street, does not seem to have made any headway either.

As it never had offices there, and never got beyond the stage of negotiating for the premises, its offer of hospitality to clients has been decidedly premature.

A number of women have called at the address hoping to find Alexandra, one constant caller being an aged woman who complained tearfully that she had been robbed of £80.

He has a record

I am truly sorry for anyone who may have had dealings with Arthur Charles Alexandra, for I find that this man has come under the notice of JOHN BULL before.

In 1929 he was managing director of a concern called British and Continental Auto de Luxe, and was likewise bent upon securing deposits from unemployed people on promises of work. One dupe actually parted with £500.

Inspector Trevett Read, in charge of the area Alexandra is "working"

One of the accusations levelled against Auto de Luxe in these columns was that it had issued bogus share-certificates showing a capital of £5,000, whereas the official register showed its capital to be £100 in shilling shares.

Following this exposure, I find, Alexandra called at this office and threatened action through his solicitors. Nothing ever happened, which is hardly surprising, since Alexandra has a thoroughly bad financial record.

Not only is British and Continental Auto de Luxe, Ltd., now in liquidation, but Alexandra himself is an undischarged bankrupt.

He was bankrupt when first denounced in these columns, and has since been made bankrupt again by yet another woman victim.

Fortunate for him

I understand that the affairs of this man were actually receiving close official attention some time back, but with the retirement of Sir Archibald Bodkin, the former Public Prosecutor, and of another official, investigations were temporarily shelved.

In view of Alexandra's present operations, I suggest it is more than time that the official investigations were revived.

The WEARY Man at the Wheel

FREQUENT tributes are paid to the ability of omnibus drivers and the comparatively small number of accidents in which these vehicles are involved.

At Watford, where the Premier Omnibus Company has its headquarters, the drivers are not so happily placed as are others, and we feel that their conditions of working should be brought to public notice.

Drivers employed by this company have also to carry out the duties of conductors, and for the combined job are paid £3 a week, less insurance.

* * *

This is a poor enough wage, but when one adds to the responsibility of driving a public vehicle and caring for employers' money the added strain of long hours without overtime pay, it is surely asking too much.

One week in every three is known as a "long week," and it has exceptionally long working days.

On Wednesday the driver starts at 7 in the morning and finishes at 1.15 on Thursday morning. During that period he has three hours off duty.

* * *

The next time he reports is at 8.30 a.m. the same morning, and he works until 12.30 a.m. on Friday, again with three hours rest.

On the same day he returns to work at 11.10 and drives until 5.20 p.m.—six hours and ten minutes of non-stop driving.

During that time he can eat with one hand and drive with the other, for there is no stopping at all, apart from the setting-down and picking-up of passengers.

Saturday finds the man on duty again at seven in the morning, and he is driving until 1.15 a.m. on Sunday.

Back again at 8.30 a.m., he carries on until 12.30 a.m. on Monday, with three hours off, and on Monday he faces another spell extending from 11.10 a.m. to 5.20 p.m. without a break.

Tuesday brings duty lasting from 7 in the morning until 11.15 p.m.

These men get one day off in a fortnight, but their leave always coincides with the short day.

* * *

It should be added that these men are not members of a trade union.

Apart from these severe working conditions, there is the vital fact that a tired man is a careless man.

For the driver of a public vehicle to be suffering from the strain of overwork is dangerous to the life and limbs of passengers.

£50,000 MORE RETURNED TO CO-OPERATORS

LAST WEEK

ANOTHER £400,000 PER ANNUM BACK INTO WORKING-CLASS POCKETS.

"Co-operative Societies help to promote greater equality of well-being among the people and serve the nation by calling on the reserves of self-help among them." *Sir Herbert Samuel, P.C., M.P.*

"GO on, my friends," said the Prime Minister recently—"go on!" All who are interested in the advantages of co-operation will be justly proud of the latest achievements, growth, power, courage and enterprise of this beneficent Movement. As growers, importers, blenders, packers, distributors and consumers of their own products co-operators are the richer by this vast sum on Tea alone by their advantageous method of trading. They immediately profit by the favourable market which has arisen.

£50,000 is saved to the working-class buyers of a wide range of E. & S. C.W.S. Teas by a drastic cut in the wholesale prices of Teas actually in Co-operative Warehouses on May 9th, and a figure approaching half-a-million pounds sterling may be confidently counted upon as extra money which will go back into the pockets of co-operator consumers during the next twelve months, due to the reduction in price in this commodity alone.

E. & S.

C.W.S. TEA

Drink it always

Join a Co-operative Society and personally benefit by the Co-operative method of trading—Co operation is open to all.

An Announcement of the English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.

Knock out the dark lens from Jeremiah's spectacles and you'll see the happiness to which he's blind

COWARDLY BUSINESS MEN

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE speeches which the Prince of Wales recently delivered to the business men of Birmingham and Manchester were a much-needed national tonic.

They were a welcome corrective to the over-emphasised jeremiads which a certain type of mind seems to delight in launching at the nation at the slightest opportunity.

The Prince, with unrivalled knowledge of the world's needs and our own ideas of filling them, said nothing that would convey the impression that Britain is down and out.

He said, on the contrary, and said it very emphatically, that the opportunities in front of us were as great as ever if we would only grasp them.

The truth of the matter is that this country is not nearly so badly off as some people would have us believe.

It would be foolish to suggest that we are not passing through a period of severe economic stress, but the fact is that in the middle of a trade depression that is world-wide we are weathering the storm as well as anybody, and a good deal better than most.

Shock after shock

The Board of Trade Index, which takes the 1924 census of production as its starting-point, shows that in 1929 national production had increased by 11.6 per cent., while the population during the same period had increased by less than 5 per cent.

I do not want to stress unduly that particular fact, but surely it shows an economic endurance and a national resiliency that should give us heart to go on tackling post-war problems with all our might. It is nothing to be ashamed of, anyway.

It will also give hopeless pessimists a shock to learn that in 1929 there were 800,000 more people in employment than in 1913, and that for an average of every 100 in employment in 1924 there were 106.9 in employment in 1929.

Again, we should no doubt be cautious in the conclusions we draw from such figures, but surely it shows that we have not lost our backbone.

There is another thing that is more often forgotten than remembered. In the last five or six years, social services have been extended and increased on all sides.

Pensions, health services, and a hundred and one other things have produced a standard of living that cannot be approached by any other industrial nation. The purchasing-power of wages has gone up, and the hours of labour have been reduced.

New lease of life

We have made real progress at a time when we might have been excused for doing little more than marking time.

In view of this, the present drive against wages and hours is nothing less than tragic folly, shortsighted reaction of the most stupid type.

It will, if persisted in, deal a bigger blow to our industrial efficiency than any of our competitors are able to do.

"At the end of the nineteenth century," said Sir Walter Layton recently, "destitution and the possibility of death from starvation were still accepted elements in the social order.

"To-day, though the struggle against poverty and the slums is still in its early stages, it can fairly be claimed that the first line of defence has been consolidated.

"In 1901, the expectation of life at the age of 20 was 41.5 years for a man and 44.3 years for a woman. In 1921 this same expectation was, for a man 45.8 years, and for a woman 48.7 years.

"The results of the 1931 census will undoubtedly disclose a further rise in both figures."

In other words, despite all our troubles and our handicaps, we have done a great thing. We have succeeded in making people live more healthily, in more comfort, and for a good deal longer.

It is not the sort of record that is usually shown by a dying nation. It is the sort of thing that can only be done by a country full of determination, backed by almost illimitable resources, and guided with far-sighted vision.

What I am trying to do, you see, is to invite you to look, not at the gloomy clouds overhead, but just a little round the corner where there are gleams of real sunshine.

I think any competent observer would agree that one sure test of a nation's stability is the savings of its people. Let us have a look at ours.

Between 1913 and 1929, Post Office savings deposits rose from £187,000,000 to £285,000,000; building societies' assets rushed up from £65,000,000 to the colossal sum of £313,000,000; while, in 1929, National Savings Certificates totalled no less than £470,000,000.

By the end of 1930 the savings of small investors totalled no less than £1,932,000,000.

And since all these vast sums of money represent in the main the savings of the wage-earners, no one but a perfect idiot could really pretend with even an appearance of sincerity that we are "on the toboggan." The facts are too patently the other way.

Let us look round another corner.

Beating them!

We have been for so long accustomed to regard our trade as consisting of things like coal and cotton, iron and steel, that we have become hypnotised by them. There are other industries, and highly prosperous ones.

Perhaps part of the trouble is that we are to a large extent changing our industrial outlook, and are too close to it to see exactly what is taking place.

In electrical machinery there is a very healthy amount of trade being done, so healthy, in fact, that while we exported in 1929 £6.36 millions' worth, America exported only £5.1 millions' worth. We are, in fact, well abreast of our competitors.

Gramophones are such a commonplace that we never give them a thought. We should—for the facts about that particular industry are rather startling.

In 1925 we exported instruments and parts to the value of £681,000. *In 1929 the value of our exports was £2,225,000.* And we exported £1,130,000 worth of records in 1929, as against £762,000 worth in 1925.

Nor do these tremendous figures take any account of the enormous home trade that is being done.

Finally, although there are dozens of things I could mention, let us just take a little pride in the fact that we are still, despite everything, the world's leading producers of motor-cycles.

We exceed by 50 per cent. the combined exports of America, Germany, France and Belgium.

I am not pretending that these industries have taken the place of our basic trades; but they show that we have lost neither our initiative nor our ability.

They show that while we are reorganising our basic industries to meet changed conditions, we are busy pushing ahead with new industries that these changed conditions have brought into being.

I get very tired of the perennial grousers. They are telling such an old story, anyway, a story that has always been told in difficult days of the past by people with great names, and as often proved to be utterly false.

Rub it in!

Why should the Dismal Jimmies of to-day be any more correct?

The sturdy common-sense of the Prince of Wales is much more to the point.

He has rubbed well home the lesson that we are the only people who can hurt Britain, and that nothing can stop our recovery if only we put into our efforts the energy and brains and determination of which we are so obviously capable.

The Human Machine

Don't Rust Out!

THAT a man is as old as his arteries is demonstrably true. That is why we all strive to keep ourselves physically fit. We know it is as possible to rust out as to wear out.

Since we willingly acknowledge this where the body is concerned, it is strange that we rarely think of our minds in the same way. Yet most people allow their brains to rust away. They don't wear them out.

The medical name for hardening of the arteries is "sclerosis"—and mental sclerosis is just as common and just as dangerous as its physical counterpart. The symptoms of mental sclerosis are easy to recognise—a dull contentment with things as they are, an active resentment against new ideas, worship of the past and fear of the future, and a generally uncharitable outlook on life.

When you meet a person suffering from mental sclerosis you can almost hear his brains creak as he tries to use them! His very face looks sour and resentful, for he finds it painful to wake up every day to discover that the world has moved on a little further.

The only safeguard is mental exercise and a proper course of mental food. If we want to keep our minds alive and well, we must use them. We must read and think and discuss.

The open mind is the mind that is full of intellectual elasticity; and that is the only sort of mind that, no matter how old the body may grow, will keep young to the very end.

WHERE IMAGINATION GRIPS -- and HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Henry VIII. and his many wives.

Kid Berg
W. G. Grace
Sutcliffe
"Old Bill."

See
the Kings and Queens and the bold adventurers of the olden time

and see, too
the men who are making the World go round to-day

see
Drake and Nelson, Wellington and Haig—to say nothing about "Old Bill." And Baldwin and Ramsay, and Snowden and Winston!

and
the Giants of Sport.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

THERE is pathos and humour here, and grim tragedy too, for in their dim Chamber stand the monsters of crime. Young and old are entranced by this grand pageant of mankind.

SEE IT!

THEN on to tea, or dine and dance, in Tussaud's Restaurant—and to round off a perfect day, the latest talkies in Tussaud's Cinema.

Madame TUSSAUD'S

(adjoining Baker Street Station)

London's Greatest Permanent Exhibition

The Cinema.

Dancing in the Restaurant.

A Feast of Entertainment

EXHIBITION CINEMA RESTAURANT

Sinister AIR-CRASH Secrets

IN our view the time is ripe for a stringent Parliamentary investigation into the organisation of the Air Ministry and its administration of the Air Force, which is directly under its control.

Week by week the lives of gallant young men in the Royal Air Force are being lost. A certain percentage of these accidents is unavoidable, but there is growing reason to believe that many of them need never have occurred.

Already, with less than five months of the year gone, the number of deaths is over forty; an average of two deaths a week, and two-thirds of the total number for the past year.

The disclosures during the enquiries into the loss of the *Iris III.* flying-boat and into the *R101* have revealed an alarming state of muddle and confusion—if not incompetence—at the Air Ministry.

The plain facts have emerged in those disasters, and in many of the succeeding ones, that precautions which should have been taken were not taken.

We should be the last to ask that there should be any increase in the trammels and restrictions which already beset the personnel and equipment of the Royal Air Force.

But there is no vocation of which it can be more truly said that the price of safety is eternal vigilance.

That vigilance lies in the adoption by the Air Ministry of every possible precaution and in its willingness and ability to enforce them.

The youngsters go

THERE, we say, advisedly and definitely, it has failed, and there have been far too many recent instances of its failure.

At the *Iris III.* inquest it was learned with astonishment that a senior officer could be appointed to the command of a class of aircraft of which he had no knowledge.

A precautionary order of the Air Ministry was unenforced and ignored, since this officer took the control of a machine during flight out of the hands of his instructor and caused the loss of nine lives.

Yet another example of a good precaution scrapped is revealed by an analysis of the fatality crashes over a long period. An unduly high proportion of them is taking place among officers *within six months of completing their training.*

The human element is taken too little into account—the effect on some temperaments of release from the discipline of the training school, a too-easy flight commander and too little surveillance of the new officer in unfamiliar machines and strange surroundings.

The Air Ministry seems not to have appreciated the significance of the accident ratio of novice pilots.

During the war the authorities knew better, since a pilot then got his squadron experience under close supervision.

With the growth of the Air Force and developments in speed of machines there is the clearest case for the reintroduction of the sound war-time method.

Again, a large proportion of the deaths has been due to collisions in the air. There are two fruitful sources of collision risks. Both of them the Air Ministry could remove, though it has so far made little or no effort to do so.

The first is the bad visibility of Service machines, and the second is the craze for close-formation flying, lately instituted by the Air Ministry.

On the first point, the Ministry is primarily responsible, since it controls military aircraft design. At present, *the pilot of a fighting aeroplane can see only 25 per cent. around his machine.*

All experts, except apparently the Ministry, are agreed that the *minimum should be 75 per cent.*

Several accidents can be traced to this lack of visibility on the part of the pilot, yet hardly any progress has been made in design to improve the range of vision from fast and dangerous machines.

We are unhesitatingly opposed to the recent craze for close-formation flying.

This close flying is march discipline translated to the air. We can find no other excuse for it. Ordinary formation flying is, of course, invaluable in attack or defence.

Goose-stepping to disaster

Pretty, but terrible

CLOSE-FORMATION flying is merely an indefensible and dangerous extension of the passion for ceremonial and drill perfection which has been imposed on the R.A.F. during the past few years.

It may be a pretty sight to spectators at the annual air pageant to see a flight of fighting-machines wheeling in close-packed evolutions against the sky with the precision of a Guards' platoon.

Without FEAR *or* FAVOUR

And this aerial version of the "goose-step" is proceeding to greater and greater lengths. Squadrons have now Air Ministry instructions to put in a considerable proportion of flying time on close-formation work. In some flights the machines actually fly with light distance ropes stretched between them!

The nerve strain on the pilot of having to fly with his attention wholly concentrated on the wing-tip of a machine a few yards away must be appalling.

Close-formation flying killed Air Vice-Marshal Holt a few days ago. The pilot of the machine which struck the Vice-Marshal's aeroplane stated that all his concentration was on his neighbour's wing-tip.

We hold that this single instance of the needless loss of a valuable leader should be sufficient to make the Air Ministry call a halt to futile and dangerous parade-ground tactics in the air.

Unfortunately, it is not an isolated instance. And close-formation flying is still going on.

Apart from crashes which end fatally and so get prominence, scores have taken place of which the public never hears.

At one aerodrome recently seven crashes took place in one week. **These crashes were not reported in the Press; they seldom are unless a fatality occurs.**

In each case a valuable machine was "written off" or seriously damaged.

It is difficult even for experts to disentangle the many causes of these accidents because of the mist of secrecy behind which the Ministry works.

Negligence, lack of judgment, over-confidence may be common causes. Yet nobody knows outside the Air Ministry. No pressure can be brought to bear, no criticism or suggestion applied.

The secrecy question is one on which Parliament may well interfere. It does not help to minimise risks and dangers, and provides too good a cover for incompetence.

Demand the truth

IN the House of Commons it was recently stated that R.A.F. death figures were 70 per cent. higher than those of the American military and naval air services, which have a vastly greater number of machines than ours.

The French Government proudly claimed that in 1930 it had only one death per 3,091 hours of flying, and asserted than its average is much better than ours.

Are any of these claims true? Nobody knows. In the face of these disquieting statements the Air Ministry has kept absolutely silent.

It has published no figures since 1921-22 showing the ratio of deaths to hours of flying.

It is time it published the facts. In the name of the efficiency and prestige of our Air Force, we demand to know the truth about the death figures, and to have an accounting of the Air Force casualties.

The R.A.F. offers a fine career to any able-bodied young man, and everyone who wears its uniform is cheerfully prepared to accept the *inevitable* risks of his profession. But no man of them all should ever be called upon to hazard his life for a ceremonial whim or sacrifice it vainly upon the altar of bureaucratic ineptitude.

And nothing but Parliamentary action can relieve the public of its increasing anxiety in the matter.

Says WILL SCOTT—

I've been swindled! So have you! So has the other fellow! So has everybody! Year after year it goes on, but we can't do anything about it

I'VE just been swindled! I put a penny in a slot-machine for a packet of —well, we won't say what. There were plenty of packets inside. I could see them through the glass panel.

But I was unlucky. I didn't get one. I pushed the machine and slapped it, but nothing happened. The machine had the laugh on me all the time.

And it kept my penny!

This kind of thing has happened to me before. And of course it's happened to you. On investigation I cannot find one single friend or acquaintance to whom it has *not* happened.

It seems that at some time or other everybody in Britain has been done for a penny by a slot-machine.

It doesn't seem much. But if it happens to only a quarter of the population, only once in a lifetime each, the startling truth is that the public has been cheated out of over £40,000 by this means alone.

A slottery

It is enough to make a man buy a slot-machine and start in business for himself!

What can be done about it? Nothing!

We can't sue a slot-machine for a penny. The legal charges alone would be about 100,000 per cent.

We might write a letter of complaint about the matter to the slot-machine company, and get our penny back that way. But it would cost us three-ha'pence to do it.

And so we let the whole affair drop and the machine gets away with it.

But it makes one think!

On my desk is a box of imported matches. At least, it says matches on the box.

Some of them seem to be mere strips of thin wood, and others seem to be fireworks that jump all over the place. But I bought them for matches.

What's a match or two? Not worth troubling about, of course. Or, at any rate, we don't trouble about them. But taking the nation as a whole, I wonder how many hundreds of pounds a year we are paying for matches that never light?

When you come to think about it, it's amazing the number of ways in which you, I and the other fellow are being swindled every day and all day for trifling amounts that must add up in the mass to tens of thousands of pounds—maybe millions.

Pay to stay

I've got a friend named Jones. Yesterday I saw Jones sitting in his garden watching the trains go by. The railway passes the end of his garden, and most days he travels on it to his business in London. He's a season-ticket holder.

But counting Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, there are about eighty days in each year when he doesn't travel on that railway. Yet he pays season-ticket rates for those days just the same. Pays to watch the trains go by.

We all remember the "key-money" ramp of a few years ago. This is by no means dead. In some parts of the country the art is practised as blatantly as ever.

There are variations on the theme. You may be asked to pay five pounds for five-pennyworth of "lino." And the remarkable thing is that you pay it.

You pay, say, £3 a year in water-rate. You decide your house is not big enough. You extend. You add two rooms. But you use no more water.

Nevertheless, your water-rate is increased.

You go away for six months, using no water at all. But you pay for it all right!

Nobody seems to think it queer that we don't buy water as we buy gas and electricity.

We don't think about it at all. We've got used to paying for what we don't receive.

Sometimes one has a glass of beer in a theatre bar or a station buffet. Have you noticed the way in which a glass contains about three-quarters of the contents of a bottle?

What becomes of the quarters that vanish?

Beer "can"

You need buy only four glasses on this principle and you've paid for a bottle you never see. Thousands of bottles of beer must be paid for but never handed over in one year alone.

A doctor may charge you twelve guineas over twelve weeks for a first-rate treatment for indigestion. Then you find out it is cancer, but that makes no difference. The doctor's diagnosis may be all wrong, but his claim is all right. You must pay up.

If the plumber supplies you with a dozen new-laid eggs when you ask for a foot of lead piping, you can tell him to run away and play. But you can't tell the doctor to run away and play.

If you haven't appendicitis, but the doctor says you have, about the only thing you can do is to pay fifty guineas.

Anywhere in England a butcher will deliver a shillingsworth of meat for a shilling. But in many parts of England a newsagent will only deliver a shillingsworth of newspapers for one shilling and a penny. Four and fourpence a year, just for luck.

After all, perhaps we were born to be swindled.

Are you one of those unlucky individuals who happens to own a motor-car? I think that all motorists were born on Friday, the 13th—under a ladder.

If you're a motorist, you really are "for it."

Have you noticed the artistic way in which some garage hands, when filling your tank, pump as quickly as they can? Perhaps you merely think they are brisk and businesslike people with the go-ahead instinct?

In a way, you're right. Because the quicker they pump the less petrol you get in your tank.

Over and over again you have paid sixpence or a shilling for the privilege of parking your car on some public highway — in most cases a seaside promenade. The local council collects the proceeds.

And, in many cases, it has no legal right to do so whatever.

There is no general authorisation to charge a fee for parking on a public thoroughfare. A local council may acquire land for a special car-park and then impose a suitable charge for using that park.

But it has no right to charge you for using the public road.

The next time a parking-fee is demanded from you in these circumstances you can ask the attendant for his authority. Why don't you?

Sixpence, possibly, isn't worth making a fuss about. But it isn't sixpence. In one summer alone, all over the country, it is tens of thousands of pounds.

You may have thought Dick Turpin had passed away two hundred years ago? Try to get through a toll-gate in a motor-car and you'll know better. Here is a gentle art that ought to be shut down without further delay.

If you smash your car it goes back to the works. If it smashes itself it goes back to the works, under the guarantee. It may be away a month.

Shanks' car

During this month you are only technically a motorist. You haven't a car. You may walk all the time. But you've got to pay tax, insurance and driving-fee just the same. On a 20-h.p. car it works out at about a pound a week.

If in addition you pay for a garage, you can say that the month during which the car is "in dock" will cost you the better part of a ten-pound note for not being a motorist!

We are a charitable nation, and we give as much as we can afford to give to flag-day "hold-ups" and such-like things, even when we don't understand the nature of the cause.

But it is time something was done about the "highway toll" on flag days that is beginning to flourish in many towns.

Motorist, cyclist, pedestrian—all are held up in turn and *told just how much they have to give.* Printed receipts are ready for stated amounts.

The motorist's price is usually a shilling, the cyclist's sixpence, and the pedestrian's threepence. And heaven help the motorist who offers elevenpence, the cyclist who offers fivepence, or the pedestrian who offers twopence.

He watches the trains go by—with his eighty-days' worth

No doubt they'd be accused of cheating. And if things go on as they're going on, possibly in a few years' time they may be arrested for fraud.

In a way, no doubt, this kind of thing isn't a swindle. It's an art. It's the art of insolence carried to the *n*th degree.

But because it works out at only a shilling a time nothing is done about it.

If a charitable organisation ap-

Have You Been Had?

One is Smith, the other Brown. One earns £1,000, the other £250. Guess which!

This machine you don't have to slap

cute you for the trivial bit you leave off each ounce. It's so easy!

Some swindles are our own fault. When fortune-tellers lead us "up the garden" we have only ourselves to blame.

And no law compels us to try and knock down cast-iron coconuts on a fairground, or attempt the impossibility of getting a four-inch ball into a three-and-three-quarters round hole.

In these cases we deserve what we get. But in the other cases we've got to get it, whether we deserve it or not.

Mugs and mugs

There's the passport swindle, to stop wicked persons going in and out of other countries. Seven-and-sixpence for nothing. And it costs you nothing extra if you're a wicked person. You can still get one.

The visa swindle is a kind of little brother. Or, you might say, a tip to various governments.

There's the syphon-that-simply-will-not-empty swindle.

And the booking-fee swindle, whereby owners of agencies for finding jobs can buy Corona-Coronas out of the money they get for not finding you a job.

And we mustn't overlook the taxi-cab that goes from Trafalgar Square to the National Gallery *via* St. Paul's—if we look as though we're just up from Lancashire for the day.

Little swindles, most of them, and that's how they get by. When it's anything really big we kick. But do we? Let us see.

Who says the income-tax is a swindle? Preposterous idea! The country must be kept going; therefore, the income-tax is as fair as anything can be.

Wait.

Take Smith and Brown.

Smith earns a thousand a year in one year. He has a wife, two children, and similar reasons for relief. On that thousand he pays £100 in income-tax. Then for three years his business goes to bits. He earns nothing, but lives on his savings.

During the same four years Brown earns the same amount as Smith. Brown, too, has a wife, two children, and similar reasons for relief.

But Brown doesn't earn his thousand in one year. He earns it spread over the four—£250 a year. And at £250 a year he pays no income-tax.

Two men. Same size families. Same size incomes over the same period, but one pays £100 in income-tax, while the other pays nothing.

It's decidedly a great life if you don't think too deeply about it.

The population of these islands is roughly fifty millions. Say each of these fifty million people is "done" for at least twopence a week in one way and another—defective slot-machines, the telling of the tale, short weight, "hold-ups," missing matches, taxi sharks, petrol pirates, beer-bottle wanglers and the rest. But again take this modest estimate.

And what do we get?

One hundred million pence weekly. That's all.

More than four hundred thousand pounds a week.

Over twenty million pounds a year.

Who gets it?

And this, bear in mind, is in England alone—and England is only a little place on the map.

It's a wonderful world!

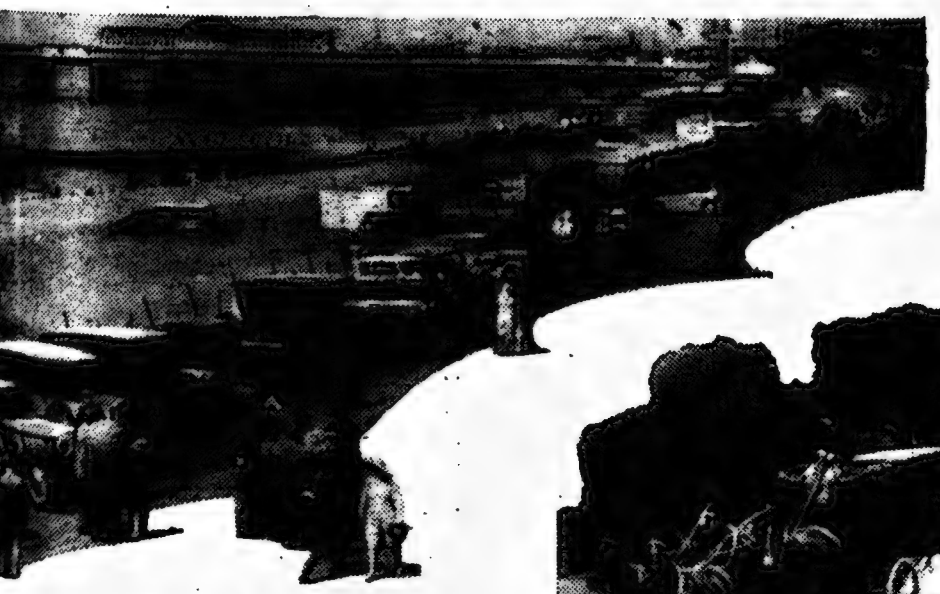
£20,000,000 from petty swindles and little spurts of sharp practice that are scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Enough to keep the country going for a week or two without a single tax.

Of course, we grumble and grumble and grumble. But in the end we leave it at that.

All the same, the next time I'm "done" for a penny by a slot-machine I think I shall smash the thing to bits.

There's nothing else to be done!



proached a wealthy man and bluntly told him he had to pay out just fifty pounds and no less it would be shown the door.

Therefore, it doesn't attempt this. It goes for a thousand people of more moderate means, demands an even shilling from each, and gets the fifty pounds that way.

The biggest swindles of all are the little swindles, when you come to think it out. No farmer could hope to sell three sheep and charge the price of four. But the butcher can do that quite nicely with a little attention to the scales.

A man would prosecute you if you tried to charge him for a sheep you hadn't delivered. But a hundred men would not prose-

Dick Turpin dead? No. But he doesn't need a blunderbuss now

I always make sure of enjoying my lunch and dinner by finishing up with a Manikin.

Good little smokes these Manikins—just right for the purpose—Half an hour of really satisfying flavour.

Mild and Nutty, they make me feel good and come light on the pocket. Buy a packet on your way home to-night—any tobacconist will be happy to supply you—10d. buys 5.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Enter the KODAK £20,000 WORLD COMPETITION
Turn to Will. R. Rose's Advertisement on p. 33
and
The Black Cat Offer on p. 4

Parking the BABY

Mother's National Nanny

NOW that the sun shines and the trees are green again, the parks and open spaces of London and the big provincial cities will be thronged with little mothers and their broods of tiny brothers and sisters.

Look at the shrunken legs, sallow, lined and prematurely aged faces of the little mites as they roll in the grass, eat their lunch of "doorsteps" and margarine, or lie listless and silent in the battered perambulator.

Look on these future men and women, and think of the tragic homes from which they have escaped for a few hours in the only "country" many of them may ever know.

She serves these little monarchs

Their real mothers are toiling at the washtub or out charing, while Big Sister, herself often a child, cares for the babies.

England still faces the problem of large families in homes that can scarcely afford one bairn. The babies arrive, and when mother cannot or will not face the responsibility of caring for the latest squirming bundle, who takes up the burden?

She must work

Scattered all over England are more than 3,500 infant-welfare centres. Some are handsome buildings, others disused Army huts, old private houses; in one case even a bakehouse has been pressed into service.

In these centres the working mother leaves her children while she earns the rent that unemployed hubby can no longer find.

Her troubles spare her not a moment's rest, but the clinic takes up the load of maternal care with a cheerful smile.

You will find welfare-centres down streets where policemen walk in pairs, in the murky, odoriferous slums, and in the heart of respectable neighbourhoods where incomes are small and mothers must go out to toil.

Expert advice, medical and surgical attention, hints on feeding and dressing, and even gifts of clothing, are included in the magnificent free service of a great and noble work.

Baby is weighed and watched over with a love and tenderness enough to satisfy the most anxious of mothers.

South of the Thames, among towering tenements and squalid slums, there is a building, once a public-house and now a "centre." They call it the Mothers' Arms.

Poverty and hardship show in the faces of the people. Some of the men are in jail; most of the free ones are out of work.

Everything is dismal, hard and brutal, until you move into the sunshine of the centre, where smiling workers and crowing babes transform the harrowed faces of the mothers with a joy not to be put in words.

Once in a while, a woman will drive up in her car and leave a bundle of cast-off baby things for the use of the kiddies.

Sometimes a busy doctor will call in and give a few golden minutes to the care of the sick and ailing.

Joy and tragedy go hand in hand, and sometimes they are closer together even than that. Here is a little story from the East End of London:

A woman in experience, but a girl in years, she brought her unwanted child to the centre and said, "I can't do nuffin' for 'im. 'E 'aint got no father any more'n I got a 'usband, but ma says the kid's sick."

At the centre, they tried desperately hard to relieve the suffering of that shrunken body, with its patient, wizened face.

A bitter pang

The baby died, and when the girl-mother was told, she laughed bitterly and said, "Well, the little devil's better off than I am."

Then she asked to see him, and the beauty of death looked up at her from the little cot. Terrible tears broke through her bitterness. In the privacy of the matron's office she regained her faith.

That woman is now the most willing of all the voluntary helpers at the centre where her firstborn died.

All over the world stretches this great work. There is a military baby welfare-centre on Salisbury Plain, and, at the other end of the universe, a native Indian prince has engaged the services of an Englishwoman to teach mothercraft to his people.

There are two big centres in Rhodesia; nearly thirty were started abroad last year.

Working in close co-operation with the centres are more than 3,000 health visitors, whose job it is to see that the good work of the clinic is not ruined by neglect at home.

More than one callous father has been suddenly and permanently pulled up. For two successive week-ends, one worker waited at a pithead in South Wales to escort a father past the men who regularly won his week's wages from him at various forms of gambling.

Jailbird's wife

Through her persistence and delicate diplomacy, that man gave up his passion, and now takes his money home to his wife who needs it so badly.

Over 350,000 mothers attended welfare-centres last year, and a colossal number of return visits were made by health visitors.

One such worker found a young mother in a small room near the Waterloo Road, London.

Her husband was in prison, and she was left with a baby of fifteen months and another on the way.

That woman worked in the underground kitchen of a restaurant for ten hours a day and lost her job when they heard of her condition.

Later, a woman offered her employment if she would send the two children to a home, but sooner than part with her babies that poor mother went back to her tiny room and left her children at the centre while she slaved all day to keep them.

Other work these clinics, crèches and centres do so well includes sun bathing, and a thousand other beneficial ideas are being applied in the interests of the 600,000 babies the stork brings to England every year.

* * *

And it is not only poor working mothers who find these baby-welfare centres so useful.

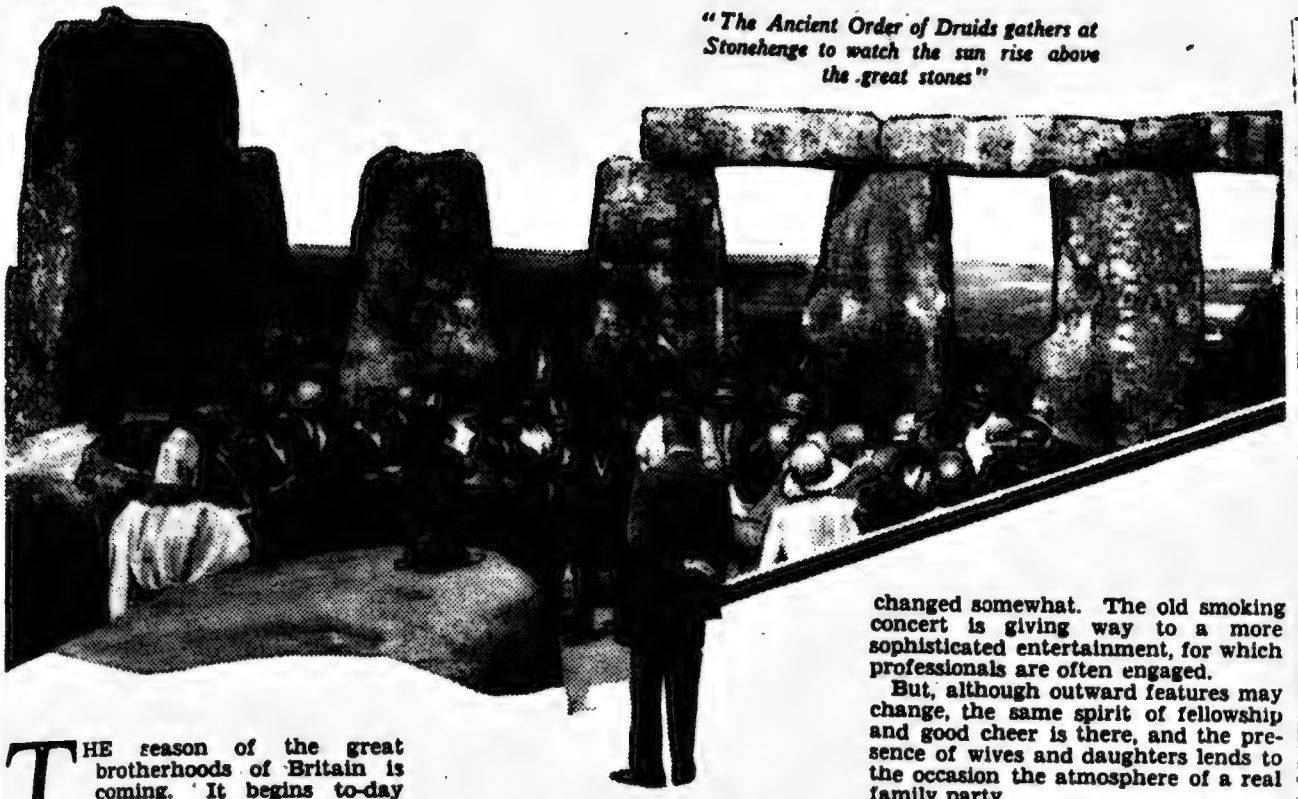
In the suburbs of London the mothers of the middle-class take their babies to the centres.

Perhaps not so experienced in the upbringing of infants as their working sisters, they are eager and anxious to do their best for the welfare of their children.

So they go to the clinic, and there find in the kindly advice of the nurse and doctor just that "little more" that their children need.

Bogey-man stuff

Many old superstitions and silly fads of granny's day are being swept out of existence to make room for knowledge, truth and wisdom, so that the babyhood of to-day may secure the strong and virile manhood of the years to come.



"The Ancient Order of Druids gathers at Stonehenge to watch the sun rise above the great stones"

Nine Million Brothers

THE season of the great brotherhoods of Britain is coming. It begins to-day with the annual convention of the "Buffs"—the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes—at Bournemouth.

On Monday, at the same seaside resort, Oddfellows and the Loyal Order of the Moose will be in congress.

Behind these quaint names there is a typically British romance of good-fellowship and the right kind of charity and helpfulness. Their customs and rites reach back into mists of human history.

Their immense growth is big with national and even Imperial significance, for there are 9,000,000 members of friendly societies affiliated to the National Conference of Friendly Societies

Two of the societies run over the million mark. There are 1,115,000 Oddfellows and 1,235,000 Foresters.

MOST of the societies have features in common. Provision is made for sickness and death, together with some superannuation allowance when a number is past work, and there are many other benefits attached to membership.

For instance, should a member desire to purchase his house, he is helped to do so; and whatever misfortune may overtake a brother, willing help and assistance is always at hand.

The idea of being the recipient of charity is taboo; all is done quietly, in the real spirit of brotherhood.

Generally the societies use a regalia and certain ceremonial; and they have also an active social side.

Some of them participate in National Insurance, and some do not. Some hold their meetings in inns, and some are temperance. But they all practise "harmony."

The Order of Buffaloes is a non-benefit society, but it contributes generously to charity, and its members practise the principle of mutual aid.

Meetings of Buffalo lodges are usually held weekly, in some large and comfortable room, where the members may transact their business in privacy, and where they may also enjoy a pint of beer and a smoke.

IT is during the assemblies that the funds are built up, by an amusing system of fining, in which all members participate with mock solemnity.

Deliberately, they have hedged themselves around with a number of rules, so that it is easy to break some of them, all the time. And so the fund grows.

If, for instance, one "Buff" calls another "out of his name"—failing to give him his correct title—he is immediately fined a penny.

One member, with great gravity, will prefer a charge against the offender; then, the Primo of the lodge will adjudicate, while the accused member will defend himself with eloquence and wit.

Out of these fines is built up the fund from which donations are made to hospitals and needy brothers aided.

The great nights of jollification among the Buffaloes are when ceremonies are to be performed in which members are elevated to higher degrees.

Then various other lodges will pay a visit, in their regalia, and, when the secret ceremonies are concluded, there is a grand night of harmony.

Among some of the great benefit societies such social events are also a welcome feature after the business is concluded.

These societies are known as "affiliated orders," to distinguish them from those societies with a centralised administration, which have practically no social side to their activities.

The affiliated orders grew up from the days when a group of citizens—workers, small farmers, tradesmen—would meet in the village inn, once a week, to yarn together and perhaps have a sing-song.

If one fell ill, the others would have a whip-round and look after him. And thus developed the great benefit schemes.

One of the greatest of these orders is the Oddfellows, noted for the jollity and variety of its social gatherings. Presided over by the Noble Grand of the lodge, the weekly meeting would be held—usually in a public-house.

Reports would be made regarding new applicants for membership; initiation of members would take place; there would be reports on members who were sick And then—when all the business was concluded—the Oddfellows turned to "harmony."

Nowadays, these customs have changed somewhat. The old smoking concert is giving way to a more sophisticated entertainment, for which professionals are often engaged.

But, although outward features may change, the same spirit of fellowship and good cheer is there, and the presence of wives and daughters lends to the occasion the atmosphere of a real family party.

There is no lack of dignity at these affairs, however. Regalia which has been worn during the business half of the proceedings is frequently retained.

One may see grave Grands, Primos, Masters, Chief Rangers, Rulers and other dignitaries—still wearing their elaborately embroidered collars and sashes—joining full-throatedly in some rollicking song.

AMONG the Foresters, a full forester's costume—reminiscent of Robin Hood's merry men—was sometimes worn. And one may still see, at some big Foresters' gathering in the country districts a few who wear it.

And you may see it at the great midsummer-day's gathering of the Foresters, at the grave of Little John, in Sherwood Forest.

It is on this same day also that the members of the Order of Druids have their solemn gathering at Stonehenge, where they meet at dawn to watch the sun rise above the great stones.

The social activities of the orders, however, are not confined to sing-songs. Sometimes the lodge will listen to an address on a suitable subject.

Sometimes the members and their families will organise a visit to some place of historic interest.

The Independent Order of Rechabites—a temperance Order—for instance, not only holds reunions where the members may enjoy music and song, but also pays special attention to events which are held for their juvenile members.

One of its favourite affairs is an "Industrial Exhibition," when the work of children—needlework, drawing, painting, handicrafts — is exhibited and prizes awarded for the best.

SOMETIMES a "Tent"—for this is how the branches of the Rechabites are called—will organise excursions for the children to various places of interest.

And behind it all there is that instinct for thrift which has made Britain strong.

But one thing distinguishes these large and powerful organisations: their real interest in providing for their members occasions for genuine and healthy enjoyment.

In this they show their wisdom, their recognition that fellowship is precious, and that without fellowship life is an empty thing.

Whether it is a jolly party in a charabanc, a family gathering in a concert-hall, or an old-fashioned sing-song in a village "pub," to-day, as you read this, there may be thousands of members of these orders who are sweetening the daily round by getting together for harmonious enjoyment, or who are looking forward to some such happy occasion.

...JUST BEFORE YOU MEET HIM..

Powder and Cream at the same time

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Give yourself that little touch of Potter & Moore's Powder Cream that makes you so irresistible. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains its lovely finish throughout the evening. The dainty handbag Jar is the sweetest ever, and the sparkling bijou mirror is delightfully handy. In all shades from Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

That when baby cries, his pains are nearly always caused through INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC or TEETHING, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 75 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative (Brand)
MADE BY

WOODWARD

CHEMIST—LONDON.
A tea-spoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

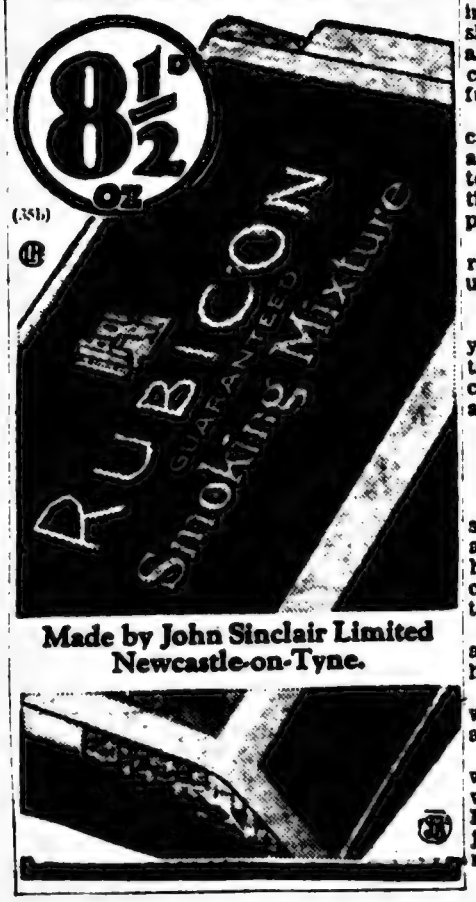
It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.
SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

COUPON.
To W. WOODWARD, Ltd., Pixley St., London, E.14
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
Name.....
Address.....
J.B.3 .....

Disguise is often assumed with humorous intent but more frequently an ulterior motive underlies its use.

Take ordinary cheap tobaccos, for instance: Why are they so often "doctored" with scent and perfume? Simply because they need such treatment to camouflage the coarseness and harshness of their inferior leaf.

Rubicon Mixture is very different. Though costing only 8½d. oz. it is *guaranteed* to contain no artificial perfume or scent whatever. Its clean, wholesome smell and nutty flavour are *entirely natural* to its choice, rich leaf.



(3Sb)

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In Jail for a JEST

This scandal demands the attention of Mr. E. Sandham, M.P. for Kirkdale, and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool (in circle)

OUR attention has been called to a most scandalous instance of unduly severe punishment inflicted upon first offenders by lay magistrates.

A party of five youths, all between seventeen and nineteen years of age, set out from Liverpool the other Sunday on bicycles to bathe in the sea at the village of Formby, about twelve miles away.

They left their machines at the top of the beach, and, on returning from their swim, found seven or eight women's bicycles had also been placed there.

The owners—a group of young women—sat together on the sands and the youths began bantering them.

No attention was paid by the girls to the crude but innocent fun being directed at them, and the five young men were piqued, perhaps, by the cold reception of their levity.

We would not attempt for a moment to minimise the bad manners shown on this occasion by these five fellows, but that is really the worst that can be said of them.

When they had failed to engage the girls in conversation they decided to play what they regarded as a joke upon them.

Girls annoyed

Their joke miscarried.

Quite openly, even ostentatiously, they removed from the girls' bicycles a lamp, a small reflector and a tool-bag.

They then mounted their own bicycles and rode slowly to and fro along the road above the beach, all the while waving the articles and shouting invitations to the girls to pursue and race them for their recovery.

The girls did follow—but not in the spirit their tormentors had hoped.

As they drew level, everyone dismounted, and the young women demanded the return of their property.

When they saw the frame of mind in which the girls were, the youths should have surrendered the articles and said "Good-bye!" Instead, they continued, foolishly, to bait them further.

At that moment a motor-cyclist came up, and, when one of the women asked him to intervene, he did so by telling the girls to accompany him to the police-station and lodge a complaint.

They moved off, but the five youths refused to regard the position seriously until a policeman appeared.

Then, in panic, they fled.

There is no doubt whatever that the young men began and carried through the affair in the spirit of what they call a "lark," although, unquestionably, they behaved with bad taste.

Black Maria trip

No one has sought to challenge their statement that they took the articles as a prank. Each of them, in fact, had a practically brand-new bicycle completely equipped, and had no need to appropriate trifling accessories.

Next day two of the youths were arrested by detectives when they came home from work at the dinner-hour.

Police officers entered the factories where the three others were employed, and took them into custody there.

All five—they are all apprentices with well-known Lancashire firms—were removed in a prison-van to Formby and charged before the local justices with stealing bicycle equipment worth 10s.

They denied this, but admitted taking three articles, the total value of which, we find, is about 4s. 6d.

In a somewhat extraordinary speech to the Bench a police officer suggested by innuendo that the young men were of the hooligan class.

This is monstrously untrue.

All of them belong to most respectable homes and families—three are the main support of widowed mothers—and none of them had ever had the slightest trouble with the police.

We have had enquiries made into their school, church, and workshop records, and the reports are unanimous that they are honest, industrious, and clean-living boys.

But the lay magistrates were asked by the police to make an example of "youths of this class," so that the beautiful amenities of Formby might be preserved and the place prevented from being turned into a "perfect hell," to quote an elegant phrase used by one police witness.

The justices retired to consider the matter.

Branded for life

When they returned, their chairman, whose name happens to be that of his village—Colonel Formby—made the amazing declaration that he and his colleagues wished they had the power to sentence the five youths to a *thorough good flogging!*

Thank goodness, lay magistrates have not yet got authority to administer the cat.

But at Formby they did the next best thing within their power.

They sentenced each of the lads to serve ONE MONTH'S IMPRISONMENT WITH HARD LABOUR.

Purposely, we withhold the names and addresses of these five Liverpool apprentices so that their careers may not be further wrecked, if that is at all possible after the inhuman treatment of the Formby justices.

JOHN BULL protests most emphatically against the cruelly heavy punishment of youths who can in no sense be regarded as criminals.

The magistrates may shelter themselves behind the fact that technically the five were guilty of theft, but the public will never acquit these justices of the peace of a high-handed act which may mar the lives of young people on the threshold of life.

A Merchant of Evil Magnetism

IN the Rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium, is an institution known as the Psychology Foundation, which specialises in the "wonder science of suggestion."

We should be content to ignore it but for the fact that it is advertising in English papers, inviting people to send for a booklet describing a unique method for developing powers of personal magnetism.

Those who apply for the free booklet are subsequently invited to buy a complete "System of Personal Influence and Healing," which is offered for the sum of £2.

The Psychology Foundation professes to "reveal secrets" and to show how anyone can develop powers of personal magnetism.

From evidence before us it is perfectly clear that a very determined bid is being made to enrol British students.

We would advise all readers who have received literature from this organisation to consign it promptly to the wastepaper-basket.

We happen to know that an individual calling himself Elmer Knowles is behind this Brussels mug-catching scheme, and a very bulky dossier relating to his past achievements reposes in our office.

* * *

His real name is Prather, and when we last heard of him he was doing a brisk trade selling a worthless device which he was pleased to term "The Radio-Hypnotic Crystal."

Various virtues were claimed for this article, and the fact that he has dropped it may be largely due to the ridicule poured upon it in these columns.

Prather is a humbug of international notoriety, having operated in America and England before establishing himself on the Continent.

We hope his latest attempt to find British dupes will fail.

WRIGLEY'S *promotes* healthy appetites

THE delightful flavour of Wrigley's makes you enjoy good meals with a new zest—promoting a hearty appetite and a healthy digestion.

Children and grown-ups alike enjoy this delicious, inexpensive sweet, for, in addition to its delightfulness, it also has health value.

Wrigley's used regularly keeps the mouth fresh and clean—removes all traces of eating and smoking—and keeps teeth healthy and bright.

Enjoy your food—promote a healthy digestion by the regular use of Wrigley's—the finest quality that money can buy.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. per packet but the finest quality money can buy.

British Made by British Workmen with Empire Materials

Not only "NEW"—but ingeniously NOVEL

No More Prongs

Twenty years ago the safety razor with prongs was a great invention. To-day the new Myatt Daymark Razor without prongs is the greatest invention.

You cannot catch the skin anywhere with this remarkable razor. It simply glides; smoothly, evenly, tenderly.

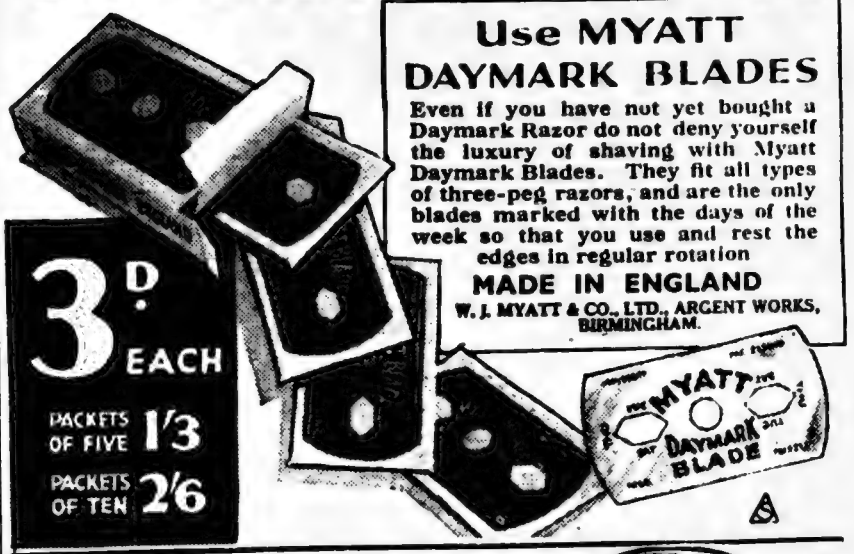
Its blade is keen but controlled; eager but encased. Here is a razor with power but also with protection.

Study its points—and its price—and you will want to treat yourself to this wonderful value for half a crown.

COMPLETE OUTFIT 2/6

The Daymark Razor Set includes Heavily Plated Razor, Metal Case for Spare Blades, and one Myatt Daymark Blade, all in handsome velvet-lined Leatherette Sprung-lid Case.

The MYATT DAYMARK RAZOR SET



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Even if you have not yet bought a Daymark Razor do not deny yourself the luxury of shaving with Myatt Daymark Blades. They fit all types of three-peg razors, and are the only blades marked with the days of the week so that you use and rest the edges in regular rotation

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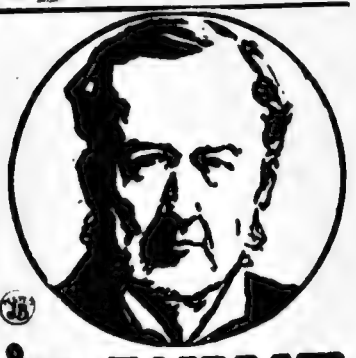

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Channel Crossing

"He shot out an arm and just managed to keep me upright"

A TRUE STORY by Bruce Graeme

ONLY once in my life have I ever played a practical joke. I shall never do so again, for the once I did so has too many memories for me, memories which are tragic though impersonal.

It happened on board the Newhaven-Dieppe steamer *Versailles* in 1926. I was on my way to Paris at the time, travelling alone. The weather was extremely boisterous.

As, not without difficulty, I forced my way through the wind, I saw that there were only six people beside myself on deck.

There were three young men, students of some kind, who struggled up and down the sloping deck, a man and woman who sat near the wireless cabin, huddled up in voluminous rugs, and, finally, a man who stood by himself, gazing in the direction of France.

Somehow this man interested me—his expression was so rapt. The next moment I saw him tear up something; the pieces he flung far overboard with almost an air of abandon. At that moment something struck my face with a sharp ping, and fell inside my coat.

It was one of the pieces of paper that the man had thrown away. The fierce wind had hurled it straight back at me.

I glanced at it, to notice that it had been torn, evidently, from an envelope. There was a trace of a post-mark on one corner, and, below, the name of Wilkinson.

IN all probability that would have been the end of the incident—if such a trivial circumstance could be called an incident—but for an extra big wave that slopped itself up against the boat nearly twenty minutes later.

I was unprepared for the roll which followed, and had it not been for the fact that at that moment I was passing the man in whom I had felt a mild interest, I would probably have suffered a nasty fall.

As it was, he shot out an arm and just managed to keep me upright.

"Thanks," I muttered gratefully when I had recovered my balance again.

"Don't mention it." He laughed happily. "Fierce, isn't it?"

"Yes, but magnificent," I agreed.

"Magnificent! Why, it's—it's wonderful." He breathed deeply. "For years I have dreamed of this, and now at last——" His eyes wandered toward a pile of luggage.

"Yours?" I queried stupidly.

"Yes."

Henry Davenport was the name written in black letters on each bag. "You must be going abroad for some time?" I queried.

"Thank God, I am going for always."

NOBODY loves travelling more than I do, but I should be sad at the thought of never seeing dear, dirty, smoky old London again. "For always!" I repeated. "Don't you ever want to see England again?"

"I do not," he said grimly. "I want to see the sun, feel its warmth, smell the orange-blossom, see blue seas, live at ease——"

"The Riviera?"

He shook his head. "No, I am going through to——" He seemed to hesitate. "To Greece," he concluded with a shrug of his shoulders.

I laughed. "You will find the sun there right enough, but you will also find dirt, and fleas by the million. Mr. Wilkinson."

The name slipped out unconsciously. I did not even realise I was uttering it. The effect on Davenport was sur-

(*Continued on page 26*)

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J.B. 23-5-31..... P.P. 216

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ER 175-164

Channel Crossing

(Continued from page 24)

prising. His mouth drooped into bitter lines, his cheeks blanched.

"Oh, God!" he murmured.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

He tried to pull himself together. "No, no!" he denied, with an effort. Then, fiercely, "My name is Davenport. Why do you call me Wilkinson?"

It was at that moment that I conceived the idea of playing a practical joke upon him. I cannot say what it was that urged me to such a course.

"That's funny," I muttered casually. "You see, I just happen to know that your real name is Wilkinson."

Before the words were fully out I regretted them. He seemed to sag, to become weak and dizzy.

"Here, I say," I told him, "hold up, man. Don't take it like that. I'm sorry. I was just joking."

He was not listening to me. "I—don't understand—my plans were so perfect. There wasn't a flaw in them. I—I thought I was safe."

I looked at him suspiciously. For a moment I believed he was turning the joke back on me, but no man could have looked as he did then and be only acting.

SOMEHOW or other, by coincidence, by fate, call it what you will, I had played my idiotic joke upon a man who was actually passing in an assumed name. Embarrassed, I could not think what I should do. In my effort to gain time I continued to babble vaguely.

"Don't you realise that the arm of coincidence is the longest and strongest in the world. It plays queer tricks sometimes. Now, let's hear what you've got to say."

"What's the good?" he cried. "You know it all."

"Well—not everything!" I fenced. "I'd like your account, anyway."

"I don't see why I shouldn't speak, then. It will all come out in court, I suppose."

"You bet it will," I said, the words really slipping out of their own accord.

"In a way my story commences with my birth. My mother died because of it, so that I was the one and only child. My father was rich—an annuity——"

"The usual story. I suppose you became thoroughly spoiled."

"Yes, that's the right word. When I grew up I was just an idle young man-about-town, spending to the hilt the ample allowance made me by my father.

"However, one day he died, and I was left penniless, so I had to look around for a living. I found one—in the accounts department of Dalton Brothers, of Lime Square." (For obvious reasons I have changed all names in this story.)

"That first year was hell to me. Brought up in the midst of extravagance, spending freely, and then, with no knowledge of City life, forced into the rut of the average clerk.

"I worked from nine to six, with figures and figures all day long until I got sick and tired of them. However, I stuck to the job for two years.

"THEN I had a rise in position. I became cashier, and instead of juggling with figures I handled money, hundreds of pounds weekly.

"I also had a bigger salary, but I found handling actual money worse than checking figures. It reminded me of the luxury I had enjoyed before my father died."

"It's a grave responsibility—handling money." I felt a rotter myself, keeping up my foolish bluff, but I was curious to hear his story.

"Yes—curse it!" he muttered savagely. "I determined to make use of my position; so for the next two years I prepared my plans for embezzling my employers' money."

I nodded grimly. "So that's how it began, eh?"

"Well, at last I worked out what I thought was an absolutely watertight campaign—I don't know now how I was discovered.

"I waited until the annual audit was over, and then I commenced. Week by week I began to abstract money, with which I opened an account in an Athens bank in the name of Robert Davenport.

"By the end of the financial year I had put by a good sum in the Athens bank."

"But how the devil did you expect to get away with it without being found out?" I asked.

"I am coming to that. I had made all the necessary preparations.

"WHILE I was on my summer holiday I shaved my moustache and had a passport photograph taken, but by the time I was back in the office my moustache had grown again, so that there was no one to suspect anything.

"Then I forged references and secured a passport in the name of Davenport. I did all this because I knew that directly the auditors got to work I should be discovered, so I made sure of escaping."

"Did you reckon that Scotland Yard would sit down and do nothing?" I asked, a trifle sarcastically.

"Not at all; but I reckoned that I had sufficient brains to outwit you. Apparently I was wrong."

I was thunderstruck. So that was why this young man was confessing so freely. He took me for a detective.

"What did you do next?" I murmured, lacking the courage to disillusion him.

"I collected a tremendous amount of U.S.A. immigration propaganda, most of which I burned, taking care that the ashes should reveal what they were originally.

"I also half-burned one or two credit-slips from an American bank, hoping to give the impression that I had transferred the stolen money to New York.

"I WENT even further than that. I actually booked a third-class passage by a Cunard boat, under another name and a second passport. By yesterday I had everything ready.

"Last thing last night I caught the boat train to Liverpool, and with my luggage I actually boarded the ship, was shown to my cabin, took care several men should speak to me, and then, two minutes before the ship sailed, I left the ship and caught a train back to London, shaving off my moustache on the way.

"Having got back to Euston, I took a taxi to Victoria, and became Henry Davenport. I did think I was safe once I was on this boat. What put you on my track?"

"Chance! You tore up an envelope just as the boat started, and threw the pieces overboard. One of the bits blew back again, right into my hand almost. I looked at it, saw the name Wilkinson, and assumed it to be your name."

"*Assumed!* Do you mean you didn't *know?*"

"No, I certainly didn't," I admitted.

"But you knew I was wanted?"

"No, I didn't even know that. Only a sudden whim prompted me to address you as Mr. Wilkinson. It was just a silly practical joke!"

For one moment I thought he was going to strike me. Evidently he changed his mind, for he laughed scornfully. "Well, what are you going to do about it now?"

There was only one thing I could do—inform the captain of the boat and have him arrested and conveyed back to England. The man was a self-confessed criminal.

When I informed him of my intentions—somewhat reluctantly, I admit, for I had no desire to encompass the arrest of the man—he laughed once again, this time still more scornfully, still more loudly.

"You had better learn the English laws. You ca.. no more have me arrested now than the man in the moon."

HE was right, though in my ignorance I said. "Why not?"

"Because this boat happens to be flying the French flag," he said, and turned his back upon me with an insolent gesture.

It was only too true; I did all I could, but the captain would not listen to me. I am not even sure that he understood me, for his English was nearly as bad as my French. I never saw Wilkinson, alias Davenport, again.

But I later learned the sequel to this extraordinary incident from a chief inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, to whom I told this story.

"You need not have worried," he said. "A week after you met him Wilkinson shot himself."

"Good lord!" I gasped. "But why? Surely he was safe from extradition proceedings? I always thought that Greece——"

"Exactly," he interrupted. "He had nothing to fear from us."

"Then what happened?" I queried.

"Two days before he arrived in Athens the bank to which he had sent the stolen money went bust. He never got a penny, and rather than be a penniless exile in a strange country he gave up the ghost."

Next Week:

The Vow that was broken

"A grim piece of life, stranger than fiction," says the authoress—

Joan Kennedy—

"that I weave into a story from the confessions and impressions of Eve Worthing"

Close-Up!

BEGINNING on May 29, the *Picturegoer Weekly* will make its bow to the film-going public. It will be a weekly such as has never been offered before, printed in art photogravure, crammed with the brightest, newest and most exclusive pictures of films and film stars.

It will contain articles and features on every phase of pictures and picture people, by the leading film-writers of the day, with reviews of all that is brightest and best among pictures.

No side has been forgotten. There is "Screen Fever," a specially written serial of life as it is really lived before—and behind—the cameras.

There is an exclusive interview with Greta Garbo, who for the first time hits out and tells the real truth about herself, and an attractive and fair-for-all competition for more leisured moments.

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LIFE *must loosen a* DEATHBED BOND

I AM a widow with twin sons, both at school. My husband was a farmer, and since his death I have carried on the work. The farm, largely grazing land, is my own. With hired help, often far from satisfactory, I have not only kept things moving, but have been able to show a small balance on the right side each quarter-day.

This balance, which constitutes my "salary," is not my whole source of income. The remainder I derive from four thousand pounds' worth of invested funds.

This small but comfortable fortune fell to me on my mother's death seven years ago. I was her only child, and as there was no one in the world to dispute my claim to this inheritance she made no will.

But she did, on the last day of her life, make a very decided announcement with regard to this money.

MY mother, always a keen-witted woman, was in full possession of her faculties when she called me to her bedside.

She began by saying that now, too late, she regretted not having made a will, but, if she mentioned her wishes, would I engage myself faithfully to carry them out? Of course, I said I would.

She then asked, "Will you swear it?" and calling for her Bible she enjoined me to take a solemn oath. "The future is with the young," she said, "and it is of your boys, my grandsons, I am thinking."

With many pauses for breath, she then told me of the £4,000 invested, and intimated that, while I could use the interest to further the education of my boys, she wished the capital handed over to them the day they attained their majority.

"Bring them up as farmers, and set up each in a little farm of his own. Then I shall die happy, for I shall know that all three of my dear ones have been equally well provided for."

This was true, for at that time my own little farm was flourishing. It would be more than enough for any widow's needs.

As to buying farms for my boys, well, it was the easiest thing in the world to promise, for I knew it would have been the dearest wish of my own heart to do it, even had my mother never expressed hers.

I took the oath with all the solemnity that my dear mother's death-bed could warrant, and I meant it, every word.

Now, as the years have gone on, circumstances have completely changed. It is difficult to make farming pay and my own little farm is threatened.

Moorland adjoining is in the market, and I hear negotiations are in progress with a manufacturing firm which uses chemicals in its products.

I have had young lambs die from being put in a field dust-covered by motor traffic; but with chemical fumes and waste, stock-breeding would be hopeless.

Unless I buy this moorland my own land will be made worthless.

In any case, neither of my sons is showing the least taste for farming, for one is bent upon becoming an engineer, and the other, I confess, is turning out so dull as to be practically unfitted for anything.

"HUMANIST" says: Regard your promise as a sacred obligation to do your best for both sons, which now does not point in the direction of farming.

It is more than likely, if it was offered to them, the firm buying the moorland would take in your farm at a good profit.

You could then reinvest in more suitable premises for yourself and hold back enough to start your boys in whatever capacity they appear suited for.

Human Documents

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most recent documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

ONCE A LUNATIC

. . . *always suspected*

THREE years ago I had so many troubles and losses in business that I lost my nerve. I was in such a state through worry that I was taken to a mental ward in a hospital for treatment. The word went round that I was in a lunatic asylum.

After eight months of agony, which increased daily as I became well enough to realise my position, I was discharged, cured.

Then ensued the struggle for a job, intensified by the queer look that would come over each prospective employer's face when he asked where I had been last.

Finally, I got a job in a village through answering an advertisement. I had a cottage with garden, and my wife and children began to flourish like flowers in May.

Then came the blow. A man appeared in the village club one night, and taking me on one side, whispered that he knew all about the asylum, but he would have a drink and that would be the end of it.

This kind of veiled blackmail went on until I was owing 3s. a week on the fellow's account, and my wife began to wonder where the money was going.

At last, unable to bear the torture, I confessed to my employer, and next time I met my torturer I gave him a thrashing.

This, to my dismay, worked out disastrously. My employer regarded it as proof that I was mentally unstable, and sacked me.

I am back in town and have secured another job, but once more my enemy has appeared with his veiled hints and threats.

"HUMANIST" says: It wasn't your mental illness, but the fact of being mixed up in a brawl, that procured your dismissal.

Get on with your job and ignore your persecutor. Had you done this at first you might still have been in the village.

DRUDGERY-BROKEN

in the boarding-house

I AM one of four brothers whose mother died when we were serving in France. The only child who remained with father was a very delicate little sister.

Father soon married his housekeeper and two more children were born.

After this it was easy to see that none of us boys was welcome at the house. We left, one after the other, to settle down in our own homes.

Father lives in a pleasant seaside town, and depends largely for his income on the letting of rooms.

The bulk of the work has devolved more and more upon my sister. She is now twenty-seven and more delicate than ever, so that on two occasions she has completely broken down.

Now she is on her feet again, but with the doctor's express orders that no work putting the slightest strain upon her heart must be undertaken.

What, then, are we to think of our stepmother's determination that she must continue with the hardest work of a boarding-house?

Although other arrangements could be made, our stepmother refuses to entertain them. Indeed, her conduct has been rebuked by the doctor as little short of murder.

At the moment our sister is with friends, but this arrangement cannot go on indefinitely.

In a happy home my sister would still be worth her salt, doing light work, but father wants her with him. How can she gratify this wish without being slowly overstrained to death? That is our family problem.

"HUMANIST" says: The first consideration is not your father's wish, but your sister's health, which obviously cannot be maintained in a boarding-house.

I suggest that as four of her brothers are married, she might spend this summer visiting first one and then another of you. When her health is re-established it will be time enough to decide about her future.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Home that Fell

A DISABLED ex-Service man wrote from one of the oldest and most beautiful cities of our land: "I have a family of five children, and unfortunately I am out of work, and have been since February, and my home is ruined. We have to rely on the neighbours to put the children up.

". . . at Sunday-school"

"I suppose the authorities will find us another house, but how can we meet the expense of starting all over again? But I don't mind that, if we could get a start. The only bright thing is no one was injured."

The disaster referred to was the total collapse of one side of their house on a Sunday morning recently.

Fortunately, the five children, of whom Gwen, whose photo. we give, is the eldest, had been sent to Sunday-school, and the parents escaped unhurt.

Besides Gwen there are two girls, aged six years and two years, and two boys, aged twelve years and four years. Their dad bears an excellent character, and it is through no fault of his that the house has fallen down.

But imagine what it means to an unemployed man, who has striven through many hard years to build up his home, to have his family suddenly flung into the street, depending on neighbours for shelter.

Imagine their heartbreaking experience of hunting among the *débris* to find what can be saved, and finding everything ruined.

Think of the almost hopeless task before them of striving to re-establish their home, when every penny they possess is required for necessary food and clothing.

It is a miracle they cannot perform unaided, and for this reason we ask our readers to send donations to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, remembering that Gwen's ex-Service father fought to save the homes of others.

Where names and addresses are given acknowledgments will be sent by post. Lists can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

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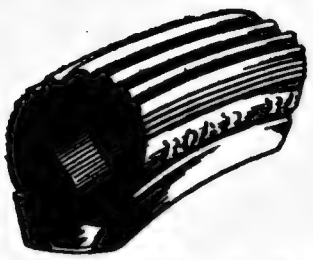

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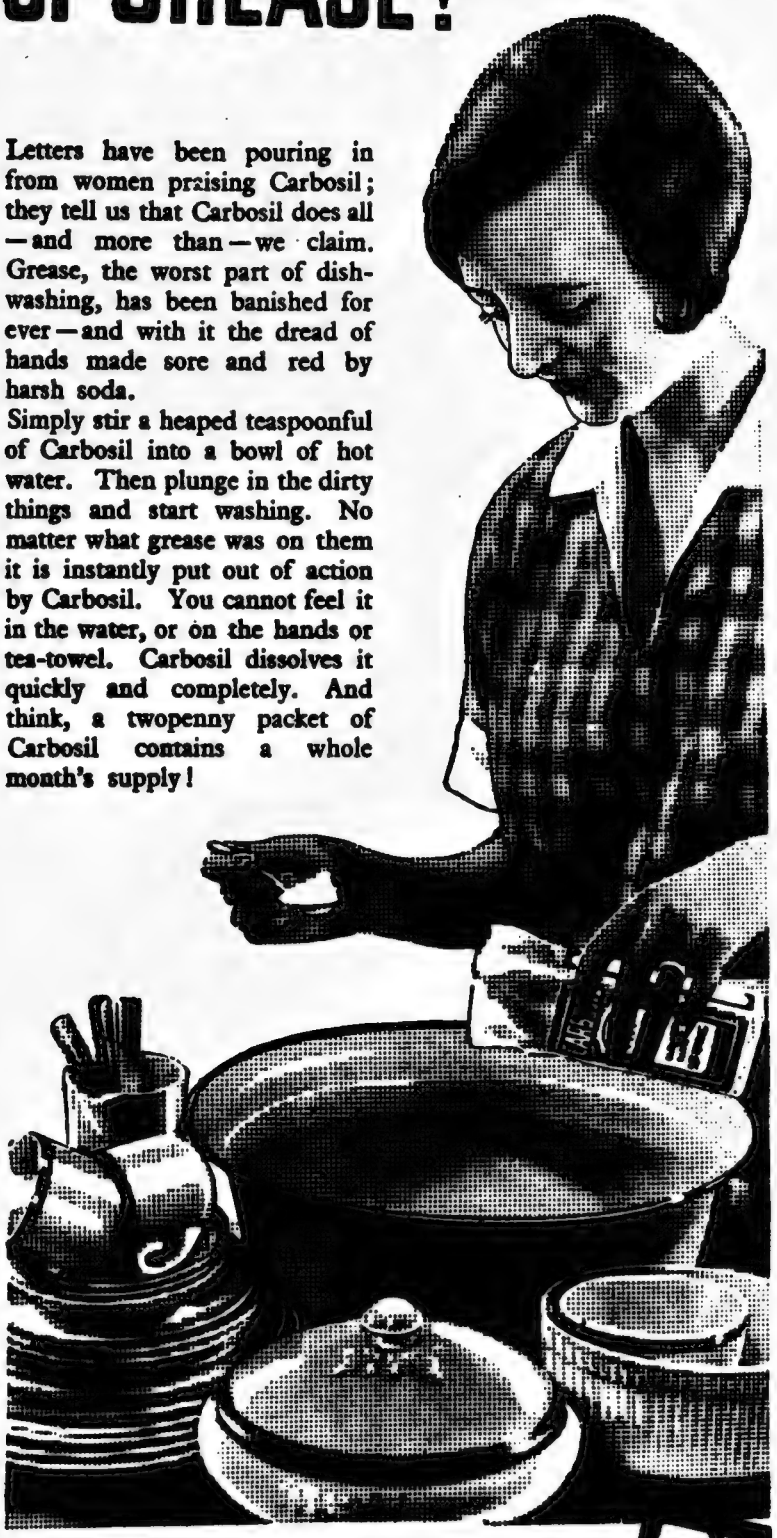

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OUR LETTER

I WOULD add a stimulus to the fortunes of the lesser counties, too long overshadowed by the giants, by forming a first and second division of first and second-class counties, each consisting of fourteen clubs playing an equal number of matches.

I would retain the present system of scoring, as it has enlivened the game already.

At the season's end the two leaders in the second division would exchange places with the two lowest in the first.

Thus clubs and players would be all out for every point, as there would be both a financial and sporting interest.—*D. Anderson, Cheshire.*

The Spirit

New and revised laws will never brighten cricket to any great extent.

The solution rests with the players themselves, and not until they realise that cricket is a game, not a life and death struggle for championship honours and imposing averages, will it be speeded up.

Our greatest need is forceful captains with the will-to-win spirit, who, if they cannot win, will at least give the other side a sporting chance to do so.

What we need to brighten cricket is bright cricketers.—*B. Bevan, Mon.*

Safety Last

Let us put a check on that monotonous game of "Safety First."

Put a limit to the number of balls a batsman shall be allowed to play without making a run. Failing a certain number in so many overs, he should be declared out.

This would produce smart fielding, enterprising batting, and make it possible to get the matches finished.

We should know that every ball was being played for all it was worth, and the game would be brightened up considerably.—*M. Bernard, Surrey.*

Apex

The most attractive innovation to stimulate interest in cricket would be to group the counties into three sections—Northern, Midland and West, Eastern and Southern districts—for the purpose of arranging a series of triangular games.

Each would have its own selectors to pick the players chosen as the best season's eleven to take part in what should be really representative matches, and, after meeting each other, finally to decide the Triangular Championship between the two best teams.—*W. W., Bromsgrove.*

Beating the Clock

Matches of one innings per side and played to a finish would provide brighter cricket. The better team would then reap the fruits of victory.

Stonewalling for time and a draw is dull and uninteresting to player and spectator.

It savours, too, of unfairness when a captain is forced to declare an innings closed, with the possibility of defeat, when a substantial lead has been registered.

Brisker scoring, less wasted time, longer recuperation between matches for players, and altogether snappier games would result.—*J. F., Liverpool.*

Youth's Risk

Introduce more youngsters into the teams. Cricket is a game, but the old players are inclined to make it a deadly serious business. They are clever, of course, but one cannot call their play lively.

The younger players take more risks, which increases the excitement, and they really seem to enjoy the game better than the more experienced men do.—*Bowler, Hednesford.*

Sporty Captains

Writing at the end of opening week, it appears that the new 15 points rule has already enlivened the game sufficiently for the true cricket-lover.

Mr. Lyon and Mr. Fender, the Gloucester and Surrey captains, opened the brighter cricket movement by their gallant actions in the recent match, and this new system will persuade most other captains—not against their wills—to emulate them.

Even Lancashire, supposed to be one of the best exponents of the slow-motion game, played really bright cricket in its opening match.

Cricket is bright enough. Hands off! —*Satisfied, Lancashire.*

MY PLAN for PARLIAMENT

BRIGHTER CRICKET

"What we need to brighten cricket is bright cricketers"

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday May 26.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone's Wills and Intestacy (Family Maintenance) Bill is now before Parliament. We invite readers to give their opinion on

Justice in Wills

Train the "Fans"

The only part of cricket that needs brightening is the spectator. After the feverish excitement of the football season he finds cricket dull.

Train youths to understand cricket as well as football. Let them see that cricket is not so easy as it looks.

Physical fitness and a certain aptitude are sufficient for football, but the quick eye, deft touch, restraint and courtesy inseparable from cricket are only attained after long and serious practice. —*F. N., Aintree.*

Busy Scorers

Award more runs for boundaries; six for a boundary hit, and eight for a hit over the ropes. This would induce batsmen to hit boundaries oftener, and all hitters would be of double worth.

Slow batsmen, content with singles, would have to aim more frequently at the larger "bait."

Fieldsmen would have to spread out more, lessening excuses for batsmen being cramped. This would allow greater freedom and variety for strokes. —*Square-Leg, London, E.C.*

Time's Up!

Make the "doping" of wickets illegal. It would be for the good of the game, and for the good of the players themselves, if batsmen were less pampered.

Have all matches played to a finish in two days, making the playing day one of 7 hours 20 minutes. Play one innings per team only, and limit each batsman's stay at the wicket to forty minutes.—*Googly, Creetown.*

Bowler Scores

Under the present rules of cricket a bowler gets no reward for having bowled a maiden over.

I would suggest that when a maiden over has been bowled it should count say four runs to the side in the field, to be reckoned in as extras.

This would give the bowlers the encouragement they need, in these days of perfect wickets, and would stop teams trying to play out time when they are in danger of losing.—*W. Perry, Hucknall.*

* * *

Fix a maximum run for bowlers, say, 5 yards. The present gallop of about 15 yards wastes time and bores the spectators.—*M. E. Kempton, Essex.*

Abolish the ridiculous leg theory, which involves the loss of hours during a match, sending down balls no self-respecting batsman will touch.—*J. G., Cheltenham.*

What a sight to see the players run out to field instead of crawling as though they are carrying some heavy burden and under a state of depression! —*J. W. R., Birmingham.*

"Race with Silver Ring"

JACOPO'S Chance

THE gentlemen who at various times have been between Scylla and Charybdis have little on me, for, instead of risking the rocks, I intend to throw overboard my Derby selection, Goyescas. In face of his display in the Newmarket Stakes, it would be folly to hope for the best.

Elliott's explanation that the French-bred horse could not act on the firm going may be the solution, but the turf may be just as firm at Epsom.

I recollect that Sansovino failed in the "Stakes" for the same reason and ran away with the Derby in the mud, but I do not care to take a chance that a similar state of affairs will prevail on June 3.

I shall substitute Jacopo, as I know that Joe Childs was sweet on the colt's chance before he was eased in his preparation. It was hinted that Jacopo was suffering from red worm, but my Newmarket correspondent appears satisfied with his progress.

The effect of red worm on a racehorse causes him to go off his food, makes him listless, and gives him a general appearance of having "gone wrong." But Jacopo gallops as if he is enjoying life.

My each-way selection, Pomme d'Api, gave quite a good display in beating his seniors over the Derby distance in the Burwell Stakes. He is a greatly improved colt and will, I think, go close.

Racegoers can choose any one of twelve meetings on Whit Monday. The big crowd will be at Hurst Park, where the Penrhyn Cup is the feature. Wild Son may win this event.

At Windsor this week-end I suggest Nitsichin and Queen's Orb.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 21, to Wednesday, May 27.

P D C K Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95 S M X O R 97 O would read GOYESCAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

Y97O297H would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

A SIMPLE AID TO BEAUTY.

"Beauty is only skin deep"—a well-known saying, but nevertheless untrue!

No Beauty-Parlour in the World can supply that youthful bloom so much sought after by the modern woman. It has a far deeper foundation, and the secret is this.

Look to your health! Eat discreetly and intelligently! Make your food palatable, thus creating appetite and stimulating the digestion, and do so by using Mason's "O.K." Sauce, the result of scientific blending of ripe fruit and Oriental spices, which transforms the most insipid meal. Buy a bottle of this wonderful Condiment to-day, and let it bring *you* good health and beauty—it is sold by all grocers at 6d., 9d. and 11d.

Heal it with Zam-Buk!

If it is a cut, bruise or burn; if your skin is sore, poisoned or ulcerated; or your children have scalp trouble, apply Zam-Buk the wonderful herbal ointment that Grows New Skin.

"BIRD'S is best — and it's best with Rhubarb."

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"Something to sing about."

C 56

Kidney Trouble
makes life a torture

Dreadful backache, worn-out, hating work and with no zest for pleasure, your strength just "giving out," the agony of rheumatic pain—kidney trouble is the cause of your serious condition.

Will you believe the statements of thousands of one-time sufferers who tell you they have quickly ended chronic suffering, sometimes lasting for years, simply by taking a course with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills?

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have proved a safe, certain and sure stand-by in cases of chronic backache, rheumatic pains, kidney trouble and disorders of the blood. Purchase a 3/- bottle to-day. If you want health, ask for and see you get De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills in the white, blue and gold box. Refuse cheaper, therefore inferior, substitutes.

DE WITT'S
Kidney and Bladder Pills

1-2-3- and ugly hair is gone!

Sensational discovery by British Scientist of

WENLO-WHITE

Which Banishes Superfluous Hair Troubles Forever

NOT a Depilatory Paste!
NOT an Irritating Powder!
NO Razor or Electric Needles!

Men hate superfluous hair. Ugly hair growths on the arms or even faintly showing through silk stockings, disgust a man so much that he can never find a woman attractive who suffers in this way. There is no need now to use razors which only make the hair grow stronger and coarser. No need to use nasty smelling powders and dangerous pastes. Wenlo-White, the amazing discovery of a British Chemist, dissolves the Keratin as found in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away, leaving the skin beautiful, soft, white and smooth. The formula and patent rights of this marvellous product have been acquired at enormous expense by the manufacturers of Veet, and Wenlo-White is now contained in New Veet (White Colour) guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed. On sale at all dealers at the same price as before—1/6 and 3/- a tube—in spite of the enormous sums spent on this new discovery and greatly increased cost of manufacture. Look on the label for the words "New Veet."

FREE: By special arrangements with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 6d. to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dea Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 502S), Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

A LOT DEPENDS on your choice of overalls—

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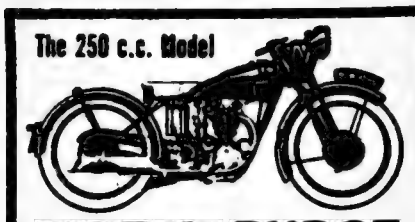

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AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

£1,000 MUST BE WON — £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP — NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"John Bull's" big square and fair Crossword offers you an opportunity to win a four-figure fortune. With simple skill this huge cash prize may be won by you in a few of your leisure moments. Don't hesitate a moment; here is big money at your finger tips—fill in the little squares below and make up your mind to WIN!

CLOSING DATE THURS. (Noon), MAY 28th.

FAIR FOR ALL!

Only one sixpenny entry allowed to each competitor.

"JOHN BULL," will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one form o "John Bull's" Crossword No. 116. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), May 28th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 4th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 11th.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupon early.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink; not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee is Sixpence. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than **noon, Thursday, May 28th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than one Entry Form containing the two squares. If either of the two puzzle squares it contains is left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered, that one square will be disqualified and the other accepted. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—The result of this contest will appear in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, June 11th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a scrutiny by or before first post **Tuesday, June 23rd,** addressing Registered Letter containing £1 scrutiny fee to Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of P.O. Should such demand prove justified the fee will be refunded and the result amended accordingly. Competitors must accept the result of the scrutiny as final.

4. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Limited and members of their families are not eligible.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY.

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 116), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this week's £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 116

Entry Form "A."

JB 116

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB 116

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), May 28th.

CUT HERE

Cut out the above Form complete.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY.

Clues Across.

1. THESE FISH ARE FLAT.
4. YOUNGSTERS.
9. SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS.
11. DONE TO CHICKEN.
13. WRATH.
14. SCOLDED.
16. MIND THIS WHEN FAST BALL IS BOWLED.
17. CAVALRY SWORD.
19. AFFIRMATIVE.
21. SEED VESSEL.
24. BELL-RINGER DOES, WITH ROPE.
27. WE DO THIS WITH OUR LUNGS.
31. ITALIAN COINS.
32. HUNTED WATER ANIMAL.
33. USED FOR LEVELLING LAWN.
35. LEGISLATIVE BODY.
37. THESE GIVE US MILK.
38. LATIN PREFIX DENOTING "THROUGH."
39. FASHIONABLE WEDDING OFTEN MONOPOLISES.
40. ARMY MEN.

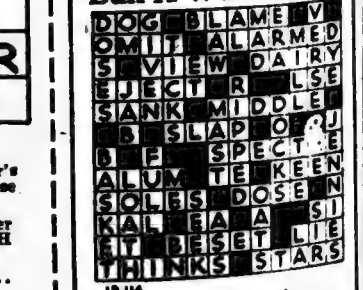
Clues Down.

1. ADVISES US TO DRINK MORE MILK.
2. ATMOSPHERE.
3. "—— THEE, MY CHILDREN."
5. PLAY A PART.
6. PERFORMS AN ACTION.
7. MOTHER USES IN WATER.
8. HUNTER SOMETIMES HAS TO FIGHT.
10. FALL IN DROPS.
12. ALTER COLOUR OF.
15. ONE MORE.
18. PRESS ON ALL SIDES.
20. ORGAN OF HEARING.
22. FEMALE RABBIT.
23. PICTURE'S OFTEN SUSPENDED FROM.
25. LANGUAGE OF ANCIENT ROMANS.
26. BOWLER SOMETIMES SENDS DOWN.
27. HE SINGS IN THE OPEN AIR.
28. A YARD AND A QUARTER.
29. FOUND IN SANDY'S WARDROBE.
30. ONE WHO RENTS.
32. VAST EXPANSE OF SEA-WATER.
34. ON ONE OCCASION.
35. WASHES OUR COAST.
36. MONKEY.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 113 appear on page 34.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 114



JB.114.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 114 is given here-with as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

ANOTHER £1,000 X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

Write to "John Bull" About It!

the editor replies

T. M. (Cheam).—"Some people don't know when they're well off." No, but the income-tax people generally find out.

M. T. (Maidstone).—"I am a big man in my own way." Big men are often in other people's way, too!

M. M. (Thames Valley).—"Beards are worn by more Scotsmen than Englishmen." Well, they save the cost of a tie.

V. W. (Southsea).—"Now that I am retired, I spend my time writing poetry." Wise man! You made your money first.

H. M. (Barking).—"It would be impossible to find a more even-tempered body of men than a school-teachers." And even they raise cane sometimes.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"'The Garden Mystery' is the title of my latest thriller." We hope you have dug up a decent plot.

C. M. (Plymouth).—"An excellent entry has been received for our bell-ringing contest." It should be a ding-dong struggle.

S. SMITH (Dorchester).—"I don't know whether you can remember me. I called at your office last April." Your surname is certainly familiar.

PRINTER (Fleet Street).—"Coloured newspapers will soon be published." Some of them are highly coloured already.

T. T. (Icklesworth).—"Most young men are anxious to rise." But not in the morning.

C. T. (Stratford).—"A brown skin is not always a sign of health." It may indicate a lack of soap.

F. T. (Cirencester).—"I went to a land of summer all last winter." After experiencing a land of winter all last summer.

A. R. (Hull).—"Will you give me a guinea for this joke?" One of our contemporaries gave half a crown for it twenty years ago.

T. W. (Handsworth).—"My friends tell me the enclosed poem cannot be matched." We've matched it—and without paraffin.

B. M. (Swansea).—"My gramophone business is failing." Then wind it up.

MARRIED (Plymouth).—"The mother-in-law joke is dead." Yes, but mothers-in-law still live.

G. V. (Eccles).—"Things at times get very blurred before my eyes. Do I need glasses?" Yes—fewer!

MRS. F. (Penzance).—"My doctor sends me his bill every May-day." The same bill?

JAS. D. (Ilford).—"A manufacturer of refrigerators who died recently left £500,000." A cool half-million.

E. W. (Bagshot).—"I am nearly deaf, but I can hear the dance music on the wireless." We sympathise with you.

GEORGE (Clacton).—"I remember falling into a barrel of glue at the age of five." That *would* stick in the memory.

C. W. (Kent).—"My wife objects to my working in the garden this wet weather." Perhaps you take too much of it into the house.

B. A. (Hampstead).—"I keep fit by using my feet instead of the Underground." We generally use both at the same time.

DRAMATIST (Hyde).—"Some well-known dramatists write plays which the public never see." Why don't you follow their example?

W. P. (Covent Garden).—"I cannot have too much of my own company." That relieves us of considerable anxiety.

L. C. B. (Leeds).—"Is it the bride's privilege to pick the majority of things for the home?" Yes, even most of the quarrels.

A. V. (Swindon).—"She suffers agonies through wearing shoes too tight for her." The smaller the size the greater the sighs.

G. K. (Epsom).—"A music-hall performer plays the piano with his nose." Many nervous men fiddle with their moustaches.

G. H. (Colne).—"There are still more sharp frosts and cold winds to come." Naturally—we have not had our summer holidays yet.

G. S. (Granton).—"One hundred sets of bagpipes were recently exported from Leith to Norway." A big blow for Norway.

NATURALIST (Essex).—"Regularly every year the cuckoo leaves the sunny South and comes to this country." The cuckoo!

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I think I'll give up painting and open a poultry shop." At any rate, you'd always be sure that your work would be hung.

G. K. (Kennington).—"It is wrong for a young nobleman to marry a servant-girl." Servant-girls are so hard to get nowadays.

C. M. (Ayr).—"A wealthy man recently made his will by recording it on the gramophone." We always knew a use would be found for this instrument.

W. R. (Paignton).—"A few days after our marriage, we were throwing things at each other." You seem to have settled down to married life very quickly.

R. B. (Barking).—"There is a theatre in Germany where plays are made up by the performers as they go along." In this country, plays are always written beforehand, though they don't always sound like it.

M. R. (Smethwick).—"I am told that a Bill to abolish wireless broadcasting has been introduced into Madeira." Particulars of fares and times of sailing to Madeira can be had from all tourist offices.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

Mrs. T. M. (Streatham).—"My husband never eats breakfast; he just has a sharp run instead." Does he always manage to catch his train?

F. H. (Berlin).—"Our new mayor is over 7 ft. in height." Evidently a man to look up to.

MISS JANE (Deal).—"Wealth is a disease." But unfortunately it's not infectious.

LECTURER (Oxford).—"Nothing in this world is done as well as it might be." What about a holiday boarder?

L. A. G. (Luton).—"What do you think of coal that is delivered to you damp?" Oh, it's not so dusty.

T. M. (Folkestone).—"One must be careful when out walking these days." Yes, one must be up to all dodges.

T. J. (Stockton).—"The things that interest women are who, why and when." Not to mention wear.

S. D. (Bristol).—"He owes me £100, but I can never catch him, as he is always changing his lodgings." A shifty fellow, evidently.

P. O'B. (Dublin).—"Following a quarrel in a public-house, a dentist and a carpenter began fighting." Tooth-and-nail?

EXPLORER (Chelsea).—"In some countries I know, to cut meat with a knife is a social sin." In some restaurants we know, it's a frank impossibility.

MISS PEG. (Cardiff).—"What should a girl do when her fiancé talks about love in a two-roomed flat?" See that he has the two-roomed flat.

MRS. T. (Harringay).—"My husband says my new evening frock is too skimpy." He thinks it begins too late and ends too soon.

MISS C. W. (Porthcawl).—"Two women have just passed their examination as chartered accountants." Their figures must be good.

E. A. (Handsworth).—"Some people turn up their sleeves whenever there is work about." Others turn up their noses.

S. W. (Tonbridge).—"To cope with the earwig pest, the U.S.A. have imported an English fly." Won't the poor little thing feel lonely?

POET (Ilford).—"The hideous factories and works melted in the sunlight." They must have been waxworks.

G. C. A. (Belfast).—"I became angry and showed him my fist." May we show you our hand—the £800 nap hand on page 35? Be calm and collect it, or at least a portion of it.

STATISTICIAN (London, N.).—"I estimate that out of every thousand people two are standing or lying about idle." The thousand are actually watching the boxing match, of course.

B. N. (Grantham).—"Neighbours complain because I practise playing the trombone every Saturday afternoon and evening." Why don't you go out for a blow?

MRS. H. (Liverpool).—"The man from the furnishing company seemed very surprised when I asked him to take a chair." Perhaps he came for all of them.

G. D. (Berwick).—"A birthday greeting-card sent to a lady of thirty fifteen years ago has just been delivered to her." We understand, however, that she is now twenty-seven.

R. M. D. (London, S.W.).—"A new kinema is to have a marble waiting-hall, a dance-floor, swimming-baths, a café, hairdressing saloons and a reading lounge." It will also have a programme of talkies—but that doesn't matter.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent in more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"The man's condition might not be due to RATE bite fever."

ACE HIGH MAGAZINE:—"His voice lifted like a sudden CRASH OF LIGHTNING."

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"Cottage to let (new), suitable for a FEW POULTRY."

CORNISH GUARDIAN AND EXPRESS:—"Specially equipped room for SIGHTseeing."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"Automatic machines, chocolate, chewing gum, SLIGHTLY USED."

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"Darlington had hoped to be in a position to field UNHANGED side."

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—"Rain would be welcomed by farmers to promote the growth of BRASS."

SCUNTHORPE AND FRODINGHAM STAR:—"She was very popular, owing to her kind UNFORGIVING nature."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Harry ——, the publican, said the woman KILLED and tried to bite him."

NEWS-CHRONICLE:—"Even if the recommendations are passed it will be some time before they become STATUES."

SOUTHPORT VISITER:—"Ald. A——, who will conduct the ballot and announce the winners of the free GIFTS."

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GOLDEN SHRED
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sugar....
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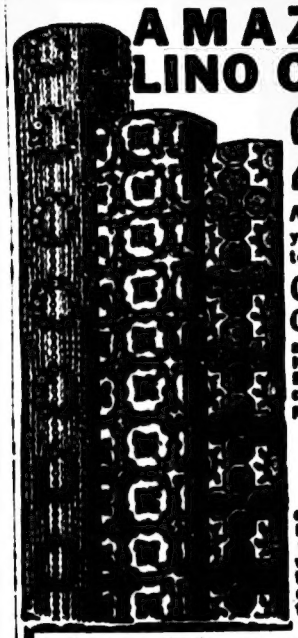

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£1,100

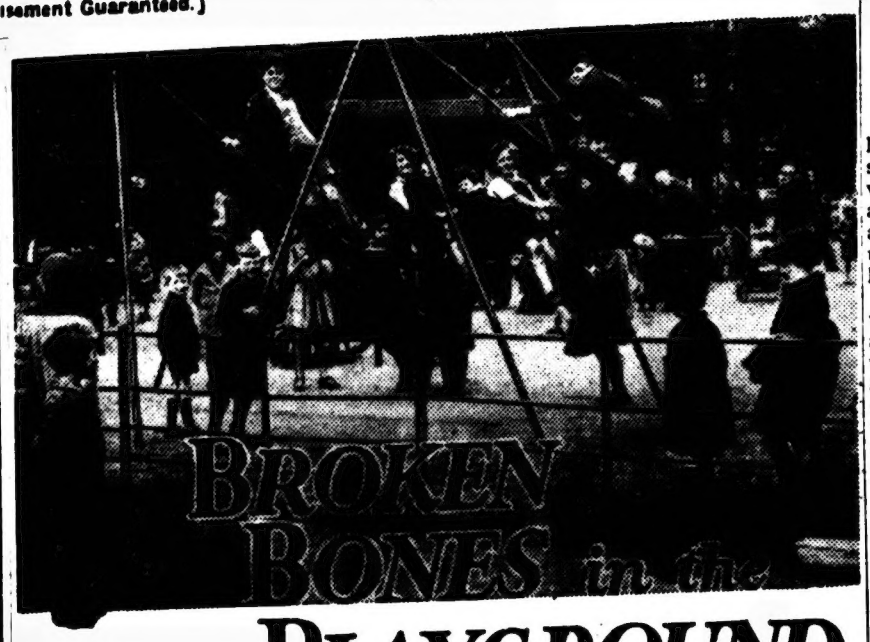
Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 113.

In the above contest solutions containing one error only were received from the following 31 competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £30 8s. 3d. will be despatched.

Ball, J., 17, Hooton Place, Stratford, E.15.
Ball, J., 43, Butler St., Bicker Lane, Bradford, Yks.
Banning, J. A., 42, Stafford St., Wednesbury, Staffs.
Bigmore, H. J., Neate Hill, Stamford.
Bodger, E. J., Parkspring Estate, Fulmer, Bucks.
Brown, G., 5, Russell St., Jarrow, Co. Durham.
Carpenter, R., 23, Gaulist Way, Carshalton, Sutton, Surrey.
Cook, W. G., 58, Myrtle Rd., Hounslow, Middx.
Davies, Mrs. E. E., Seven Wells, Leighton, Wolverhampton, Staffs.
Gardon, H., 178, Iona St., Leith, Scotland.
Gimmings, A. T., 15, Grange Rd., Leyton, E.10.
Green, H., 113, Naylor Rd., Peckham, S.E.15.
Hill, Mrs. J., 26, Water St., Neath.
Hollyhead, Miss D., 42, Braybrook St., West Bromwich, Staffs.
Howett, Mrs. D., 30, Henry St., Brighton.
Kendrick, Miss E., 14, Albert Ave., Weston-super-Mare.
Long, W. J., 58, Birnam Rd., Holloway, N.4.
Lund, L., 96, Wharncliffe Drive, Eccleshill, Bradford.
MacDougall, F., 49, Deveron St., Riddrie, Glasgow.
MacFarlane, A., 7, Tichborne, Hamilton, Dumfries.
Matyon, W. G., 1, Coombe Cotts., Betchworth, Surrey.
Murray, C., 42, Lr. Gardiner St., Dublin.
Noden, J., Holly Bank, Winsford Rd., Willaston, Nantwich.
Pallant, A., E. Harford, King's Lynn.
Partridge, Mrs., 41, Duncan Rd., Manor Pl., S.E.17.
Peel, Miss M., 323, Thornton Rd., W. Croydon, Surrey.
Pine, H., 19, Sunflower Rd., Barnstaple.
Scott, R., Wilson's House, The College, Brighton.
Secar, G. H., 155, Rushmere Rd., Clapton, E.5.
Smith, Mrs. G. E., 19, Western Rd., Stocksteads, Bacup.
Stevenson, H., 5, Ford Aerodrome, Yapton, Nr. Arundel, Sussex.
Symes, Mrs. F., 72, Elmbourne Rd., Upper Tooting, S.W.17.
Taylor, E., 119, Beresford St., Camberwell, S.E.5.
Williams, Miss E., 115, High St., Blaenau-Festiniog, N. Wales.

Solutions containing two errors were received from 312 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £0 5s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another £1,000 Crossword appears on Page 32.
Try Your Skill Now!



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BARNSLEY, YORKS. — Mr. A. Brown, 14, Tune St.
LONDON.—Mrs. G. Hatchett, 16, Rowallan Rd., Fulham, S.W.6.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. E. Gerrard, 38, Foundry Sq., Norton Green.
BAILLIESTON.—Mrs. M. Dillon, 4, Dyke St.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. J. Sullivan, 10, David St.
SHERBURN, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. B. Cooper, 87, Council Houses.
MAIDENHEAD.—Mrs. R. Ford, "Lilyville," Furze Rd., Furze Platt.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. Wilcox, 5, Edgeware Rd., Westwood Park, Monton.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. Smith, 53, Royle St.
TONYREFAIL, GLAM.—Mr. F. Chappell, 22, Pritchard St.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. Faulkner, 5, Waugh Avenue, Lord Lane, Failsworth.
PRESTON.—Mrs. S. Bland, "Wellfield," 77, Brownedge Rd., Lostock Hall.
GLASGOW, C.3.—Mrs. T. Alexander, 65, Lumsden St., Top Flat, Overnewton.
RAINWORTH, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. Bainbridge, 12, Little John Drive.
ILFORD, ESSEX.—Mr. A. C. Denmark, 4, King's Gardens.
SNODLAND, KENT.—Mr. V. Evans, 7, Hilda Terrace, Ham Hill.
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LONDON.—Mrs. A. M. Callens, 41, Clifton Rd., Peckham, S.E.15.
FELLING-ON-TYNE. — Mrs. J. Hutchison, 22, East Terrace, Friars Goose.
WARWICK.—Mrs. J. Clarke, 1, North Rock, Saltisford.
WEDNESBURY.—Mr. V. M. King, 101, Mill St.
MACCLESFIELD.—Mrs. E. McCarthy, 38, Lansdowne St.
COVENTRY.—Mr. A. C. Pope, 3, Hitchins Row, Cross St.
DURHAM.—Mr. J. H. Powney 10, Woodland Terrace, Nettlesworth.
BIRKENHEAD, CHES.—Mrs. C. McCoy, 75, Lansdowne Rd.
LONDON, E.9.—Mr. A. Goddard, 23, Wardle St.
GLASGOW, C.4.—Mr. H. Balloch, 9, Corn St.
RISCA, MON.—Mr. E. A. Johnson, 44, Clyde St.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Mr. C. F. Wilson, 51, Abbey Rd.
TRURO.—Mr. R. O. Wherry, Goonearl, Scorrier.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. A. Hervey, Offerton Fold Farm, Offerton.
PRESTON.—Mr. J. Walker, 332, Higher Walton Rd., Higher Walton.
CARLISLE.—Mr. T. Lapping, 29, Garfield St., Denton Holme.
GLASGOW, E.—Mr. W. Brady, 139, Tollcross Rd., Parkhead.
GLASGOW, E.1.—Mrs. A. McGrath, 900, Duke St.
SHREWSBURY.—Mr. D. Turner, 68, Coton Mount.
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16 JUN 31

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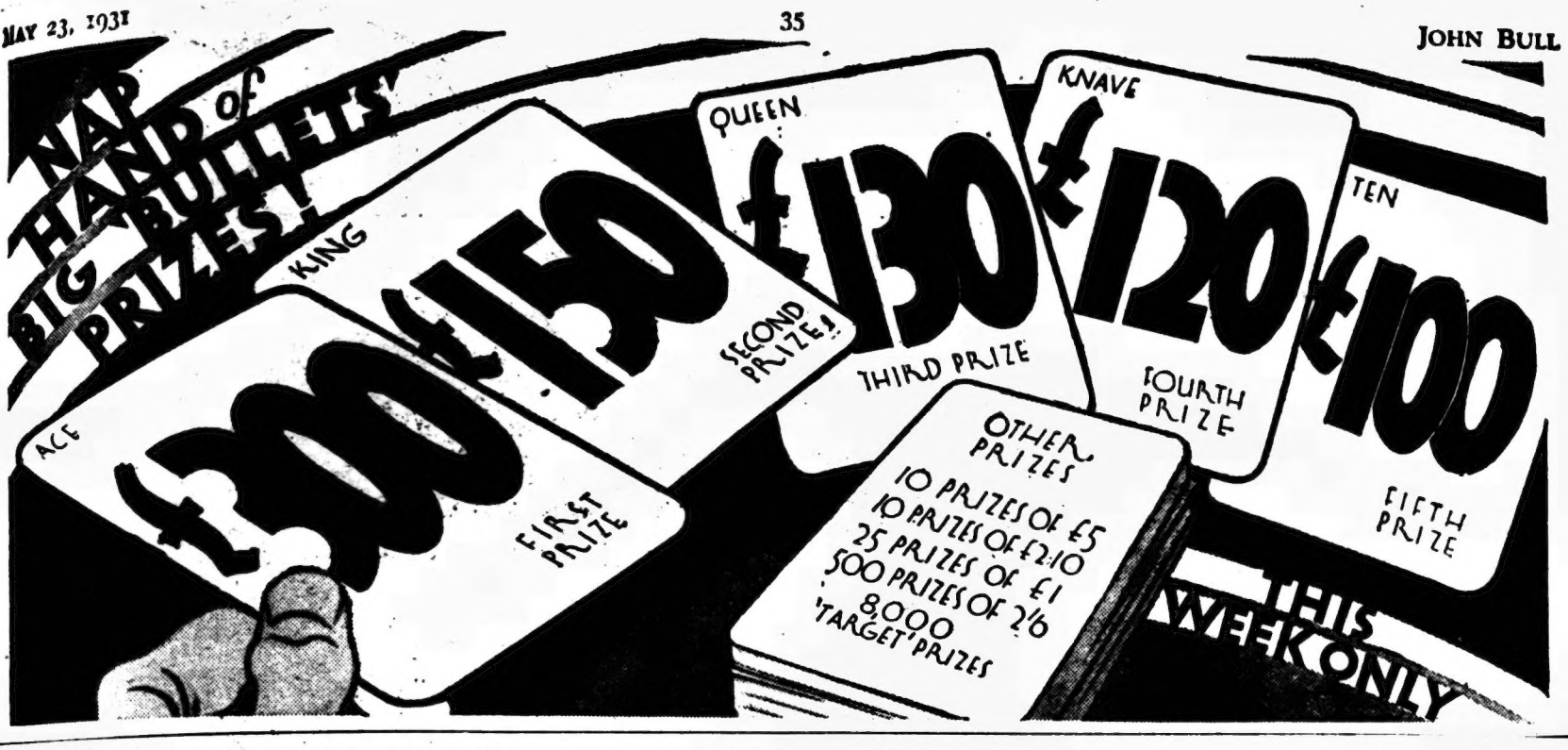

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SEE how much depends on how you play your cards in *Bullets* this week! For the entrant of the best effort an "Ace" of £300 is waiting. And there are four other big cheques, any of which would make you as happy as a King—or even happier!

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Suppose, for instance, you choose THEY HAD A CAR, BUT as your *Example*. Add the words IT "WENT BACK" SUDDENLY and you have completed a *Bullet*.

Complete your *Bullets* education by studying the winning efforts below; they will show you many ways of making winners of your own. Then start on your *Bullets* and make certain that they are in by Saturday, May 30.

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FIRST PRIZE OF £500—COMPETITION No. 802

Mr. J. Dennison, 3, Rosebery Street, Beamish, Co. Durham.

Example:—TAXING OUR STRENGTH
Bullet:—ARMS AND *Unemployed* MAN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. Armstrong, 60, Canute Road, Hastings.
Example: Place In The Sun
Bullet:—Kills Germs—Encourages "Parasites."

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. J. Wood, 72, Matilda Street, Sheffield.
Example: Turning Back
Bullet:—Village Fireman—Forgot Medals!

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H. P. BLACKMAN, 96, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
Be A Man And—Bear Pain Like Woman!

J. DIGGLE, 3, Elliston Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.
Won't Take Place — "Grandmother's Funeral" Ground Unfit.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. ENGLAND, 2 490, Park Road, Hockley, Birmingham.
Place In The Sun—When Churches Quit "Gloominess."

Mrs. A. FOSTER, 73, Edward Street, Ladywood, Birmingham.
Opening The Door—For Sonny, "Blistered Hands."

V. HARRIS, 7, Denmark Place, Hastings.
Overstepping The Mark — Gandhi Toeing The *Line*.

A. C. HAYNES, 27, Paxton Road, Coventry.
Captain Of The Team—"Gets Daddy Out" Nightly.

H. MOODY, 14, Oakfield Avenue, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Place In The Sun — She's In "Latest Shade."

J. SWAN, 8, Oxford Street, Edinburgh.
Spring Poet — "Come, Gentle—" Went Violently!

J. D. TAYLOR, 144, Sheffield Road, Barnsley, Yorks.
Opening The Door — Warily, Father—Wearily, Mother.

W. TWINEHAM, 305e, Married Quarters, Henlow Camp, Beds.
Girl In The Office—Tee-hee—Tee-hee—And Tea!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BYFORD, 175, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.
Girl In The Office—Balancing Accounts—Unbalanced Accountants.

A. DUNLOP, 7, High Street, Dumfries.
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E. HOLLIS, 44, Crown Hill Avenue, Leicester.
Sent Abroad—Castle—Cablegram, "Where's Moat?"

J. MacDONALD, Comlifoot, Halkirk, Caithness, N.B.
In A Mess Garden—Father—Carpet—Bathroom.

J. MILNER, 4, Severne Grove, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Girl In The Office — Kills Time, Reviving "Dial."

G. N. O'DOWD, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Salterhebble, Halifax.
Future Government—Blaming This—Taxpayer, Both.

Mrs. C. F. PINDER, 89, Carr Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
Spring Poet—Baa! Inspired—"Bah!" Disheartened.

Mrs. REID, Newton Farm, Dyce, Aberdeen.
Turning Back—On Gossip, Risks "Stab."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. S. SAWYER, 48, Welbeck Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Girl In The Office—Owes "Pen" To "Sword."

E. M. TAYLOR, 14, Brown Leese Road, Brown Leese, Biddulph, Staffs.
Future Government — Same Old "New Broom."

A list of 25 £1, 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 801 will be displayed in the window of Mr. C. Wright, Middlegate Post Office, 64, Middlegate Street, Great Yarmouth.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—£5, £2 and three of £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 806 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 806

TAX ON THE LAND	LIKE POISON	EASILY
NOT PLAYING	NOT ON THE MENU	MAN NOBODY WANTS
CASTLE IN SPAIN	STRENUOUS JOB	FUNNY WORLD
OUR ALFIE	TALKIE HEROINE	ALL OVER AGAIN
DEAF TO THE WORLD	HE KISSED HER AND	A CRAFTSMAN
GONE	FICKLE	SIMPLIFIED
SOMETHING IN THE WIND	IN AGREEMENT	DESERVES MORE
ALL AGOG	LIKE A BATTLE-FIELD	PRETTY AS A PICTURE
AGAINST HER	THEY HAD A CAR, BUT	THINKING ABOUT WORK
FLIRTING WITH DEATH	FATHER'S POCKET	A LONG TIME AGO
AT THE VILLAGE PUB	ALMOST BURSTING	

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(806) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(806) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(806) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 30
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(806) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write the extra efforts on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 806, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

LAST FEW DAYS!

DAILY HERALD £5,000 MUST · BE · WON DERBY CONTEST

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT in which to win £5,000 by correctly placing the first four horses in the Derby. Don't be left at the post. START RIGHT AWAY and get the family to enter as well. But remember this is positively the last few days—the contest definitely closes first post Tuesday, June 2nd.

This great Derby Contest is **OPEN TO ALL, and £5,000 MUST BE WON.** An extra £1,000 (making £6,000 in all) will be awarded to the winner if he or she is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." Registration forms appear regularly in the "Daily Herald."

During these last few days the special and **EXCLUSIVE information** in the "Daily Herald" about the horses engaged will prove of great value to competitors. Consult the "Herald" every day for scratchings and hints as to likely winners. You may **enter on the Form on the right** and further Entry Forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald." **ENTER AT ONCE** and this great fortune may be yours.

Ask your newsagent to deliver the "Daily Herald" to you daily. Someone must win this great Derby fortune. It may be YOU!

ENTER ON THE FORM BELOW

Further Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald."

"DAILY HERALD" DERBY CONTEST

£5,000 ENTRY FORM J.4

In the space below I forecast the final official winning order of the first four horses finishing in the Derby, to be run on June 3rd, 1931.

1st .....

2nd .....

3rd .....

4th .....

Complete in BLOCK LETTERS in ink

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition as published in the "Daily Herald" and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Address your entry to Derby Contest, "Daily Herald," 3, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). You must write your name and address on the back of your envelope.

Affix a three-halfpenny stamp to this space →

Entry Forms will appear in the "Daily Herald" daily until Saturday, May 30th—cut them out and keep them until the final Entry Form appears, and then send in your forecasts all together in one envelope, which must be sealed, and to which correct postage must be affixed. Keep a copy of your forecasts and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in.

Affix your three-halfpenny stamp here.

Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

Closing Date: First Post, TUESDAY, JUNE 2

OPEN TO ALL

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